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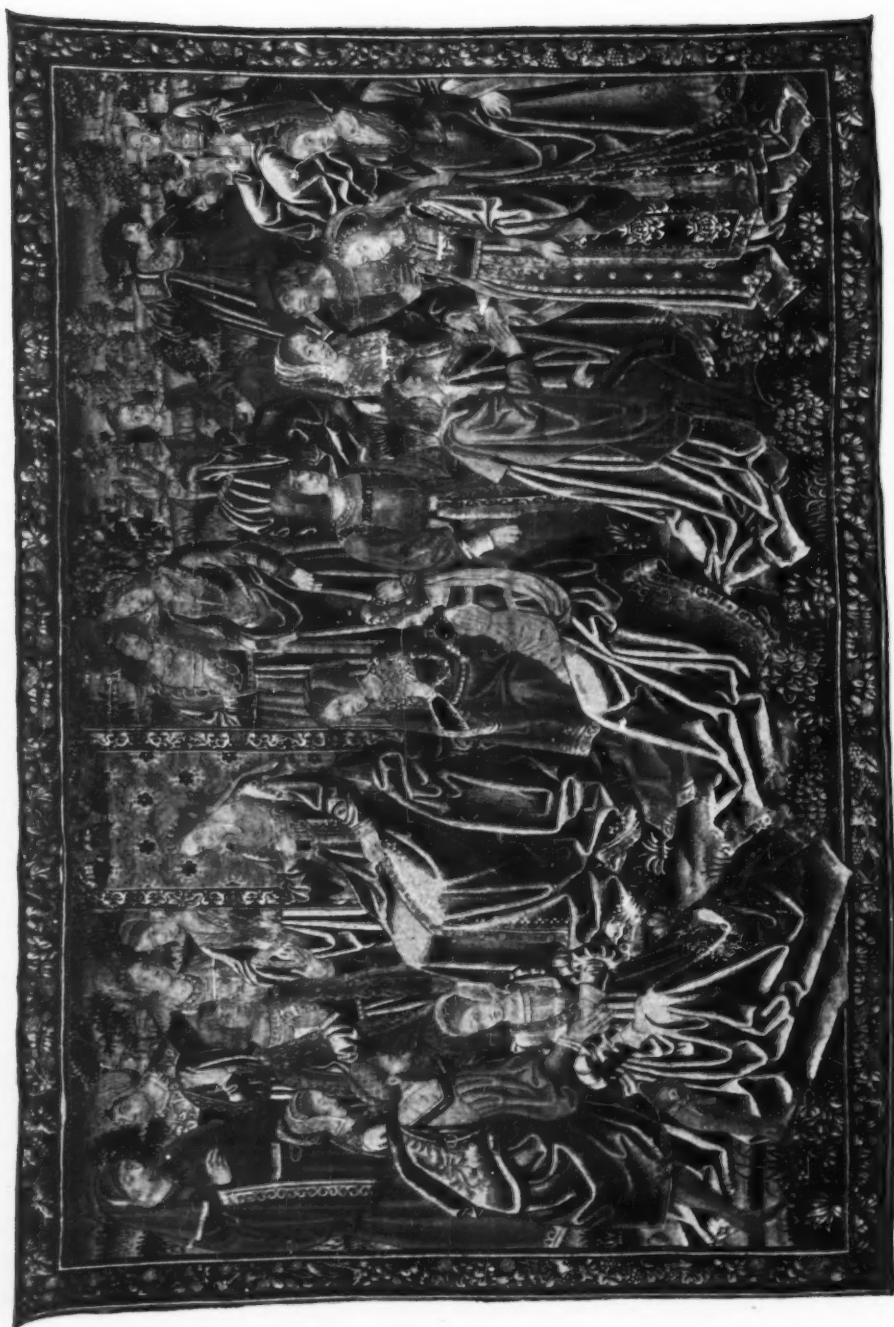
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from "Tapestries, Their Origins, History and Restoration,"
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THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

JANVARY, 1913

VOLUME XXXIII



NUMBER I



TAPESTRIES FROM THE ARCHITECTURAL POINT OF VIEW By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER



I

FROM THE ARCHITECTURAL point of view, tapestries are the fundamental wall decoration. More closely than any other form of art do they work into the architectural background of an interior. More intimately than any other decorative creation do they associate themselves with the horizontal and vertical straight lines that are the basis of architectural construction.

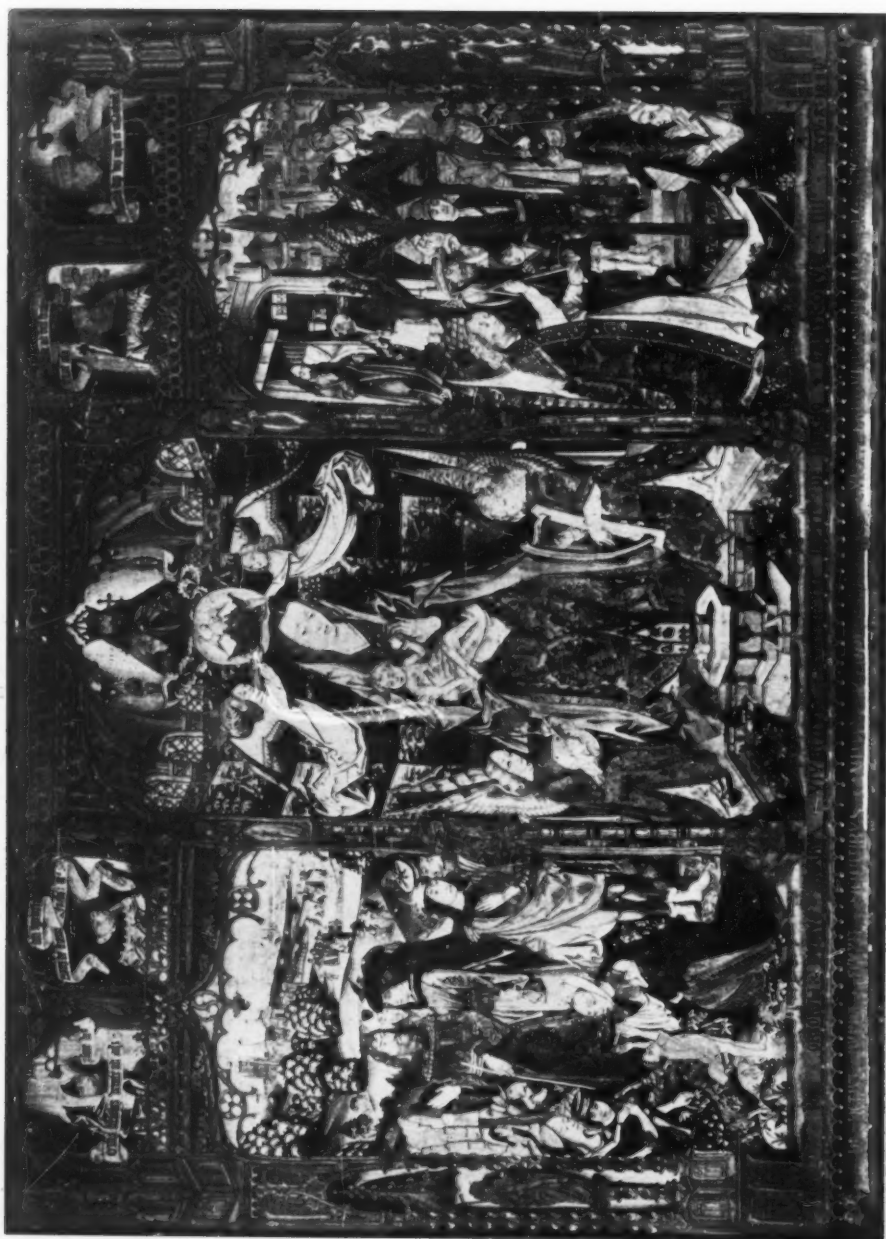
Tapestries in surface structure are nothing less than architectural line drawings executed on the loom with yarns, instead of on paper with ink from an engraved block of wood or sheet of copper. All arras wall tapestries have horizontal ribs in relief crossed at right angles by fine vertical weft threads that often group themselves into vertical spires of color called hatchings (*hachures*.)

These hatchings are of vital significance in the texture of tapestry. In the

glorious compositions of the Golden Age of Tapestry, they were strongly accentuated, and the toning and blending of colors was largely accomplished by hatching on the loom, instead of by dipping in the dye pot.

In the Golden Age of Tapestry—the last half of the Fifteenth Century and the first half of the Sixteenth Century—the texture of tapestry was thoroughly understood. The horizontal ribs were coarse and the vertical hatchings were long and definite. That is why tapestries of this period are to be preferred for mural ornamentation to tapestries of any other period, as well as to wall paper, and frescoes, and paintings on cloth, the last called *counterfeit arras* in the days when every gentleman's residence was counted beautiful in proportion to the number of *real arras* tapestries that he possessed.

But while real arras tapestries (called



"THE TRIUMPH OF THE VIRGIN." A GOTHIC TRIPTYCH TAPESTRY.
Woven, as the Latin inscription shows, in 1485. On the left, Moses
striking a rock, on the right the "Piscina Probatice," or healing pool.

"arras" in English and *arazzi* in Italian from the little French-Flemish town of Arras that in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries was the centre of production of "storied" wall tapestries) are essentially architectural line drawings, they are architectural line drawings of an exquisitely refined and

paintings, and the story interest of romantic history and fiction.

Tapestries may well be considered the highest and most sensitive form of art.

Until recently the majority of Americans looked on tapestries as an intricate and perhaps interesting but vastly inferior form of painting. In talking and



ONE OF THE SAINT REMY SET AT THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.
Early Renaissance in style.

elegantly elaborated type. They interpret the picture stories they have to tell *not* in flat black lines on white paper, but in color and relief obtained by covering coarse warp threads with fine weft threads of wool and gold and silver and silk. They combine more than the texture interest of damask and brocade and Oriental rugs, with the color interest of

writing about tapestries they described them as "painted on the loom" and measured their merit by the closeness of their resemblance to oil paintings on canvas. However, as all Europe did the same for over a century, and as there are not to-day half a dozen men in Europe who really understand the texture of arras tapestries, we need not, as a nation, put



THE FIRST PAIR OF PANELS OF THE SET CALLED "THE TRIUMPH"

Part of a series of tapestries woven on an American loom to decorate the upper and lower halls of a New York residence.

on sackcloth and ashes to express our artistic humiliation. Instead we should take advantage of the fact that we have in this country the looms and the weavers and the artistic and technical leadership to revive the art of tapestry weaving as practised four centuries ago.

Until recently the use of tapestries in America was confined to private residences. Americans knew so little about their nature and character that even those who visited the great collections of Spain and Austria and France and Sweden and England, and saw how wonderfully tapestries are used abroad to adorn cathedrals and churches, city halls and courts of justice, opera houses and theatres, libraries and museums, seemed unable to appreciate the fact that American public buildings could be transformed internally by hanging on their walls the woven treasures of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

A most notable instance of the use of tapestries in church decoration is at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights in New York City. Though not particularly fine examples of the weaver's art, these eleven tapestries designed by Romanelli and woven by Rivera in the first half of the Seventeenth Century at the Barberini tapestry works in Rome, dress and make beautiful the massive walls of the cathedral as nothing else could. Even the fact that they are Baroque in style, while the edifice is pre-Renaissance, does not seem to matter. Their structure and texture lock them into position so that they have become an essential part of the whole.

Among American museums the Metropolitan, owing largely to the gifts and loans of the President, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, stands easily first. There are no less than forty large tapestries displayed on its walls. Tapestries dominate



THE SECOND PAIR OF PANELS OF THE SET CALLED "THE TRIUMPH."

Part of a series of tapestries woven on an American loom to decorate the upper and lower halls of a New York residence.

the main entrance hall, as well as the decorative art wings. A tapestry is the principal decorative feature of the library.

Only a few years ago—less than ten—the Metropolitan Museum had few tapestries, and those that it had were badly hung, and were incorrectly described in the Museum guide. The coming over here of Sir C. Purdon Clarke to act as Director of the Museum, and the succession to the Directorship of the learned and gifted Edward Robinson, together with the acquisition of funds that make it possible for the Museum to buy in the open market and when necessary, in competition with private collectors, wrought a wonderful change. Tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum are not only effectively shown, but also cleaned and repaired and cared for in the most perfect manner by methods largely original with Frau Korte, who has charge of that work.

I said above that the tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum are well hung. This means not only that they are well placed, but also that they hang loose, with the folds and puckers that enhance the intrinsic beauties of tapestry texture, and take away the hardness that is inseparable from flat line drawings. For tapestries, to a degree existent in no other decoration, depend upon their *texture*.

To frame tapestries is little short of criminal. To cover them with glass endangers their existence. When they hang free and untrammelled, they are comparatively safe against moths and fire. Then it is easy to take them down instantly, fold them up under one arm and walk away with them. Then insurance companies are willing to make favorable rates, because then the risk is lessened. Then it is easy to get at them to clean out dust and easy to transport them to the room where formaldehyde vapor baths destroy the moths.



THE THIRD PAIR OF PANELS OF THE SET CALLED "THE TRIUMPH."

Part of a series of tapestries woven on an American loom to decorate the upper and lower halls of a New York residence.

I am told that several persons with some pretensions to artistic knowledge and taste have criticised the appearance of the Mazarin tapestry at the Metropolitan Museum since its recent cleaning. This criticism was based on crass ignorance. The tapestry has been extraordinarily improved by the removal of the dust—an operation that required unusual skill. Details are now visible that have not before been visible for at least a century. Little puckers and irregularities of texture are now revealed that formerly were concealed by the dirt of ages. The tapestry quality of the composition has been accentuated and the tapestry, though carried in a frame attached by a former owner, is not stretched out hard and flat like a drawing on paper or a painting on canvas.

All over the United States the increasing interest in tapestries, especially among architects, is manifesting itself in

various ways. The new Blackstone Theatre in Chicago has a drop curtain in tapestry. The New York Public Library has a superb Brussels tapestry, picturing Apollo and the Muses and the Olympic deities on Parnassus, woven by I. DeVos about 1700 (wrongly dated and wrongly attributed in the catalogue of the Stuart Collection to which it belongs). The St. Regis Hotel has several Brussels Seventeenth Century (not Sixteenth as the descriptive booklet says) tapestries, woven by I. Van Zeunen. The Knickerbocker Hotel has several Caesar tapestries woven by Leefdael and Strecken, the two Brussels Seventeenth Century weavers who produced the Cleopatra series at the Metropolitan Museum. The Sleepy Hollow Country Club has interesting wall panels woven on modern American looms. The new McAlpin Hotel is to have a set of twenty-six panels, picturing the Story of New York City from



SEVENTH PANEL OF THE SET CALLED "THE TRIUMPH."

Part of a series of tapestries woven on an American loom to decorate the upper and lower halls of a New York residence.

early Dutch days down to the present time. The Morgan Memorial Library in Hartford has important tapestries presented by the donor of the building. The Boston Fine Arts Museum has a number of important tapestries, and both the Cincinnati and the Chicago Museums of Fine Arts have important examples on exhibition. The Field Columbian Museum glories in the possession of the second piece of tapestry ever woven in America. And this by no means exhausts the list.

But there are hundreds of other public buildings that by contrast with these are naked and ashamed. There are huge wall spaces treated either ineffectively or not at all. There are pretentious mural paintings—many of them of great merit as paintings—that utterly fail to accomplish their purpose from the architectural point of view. It is time that the architects of the United States should co-operate actively, intelligently and seriously,

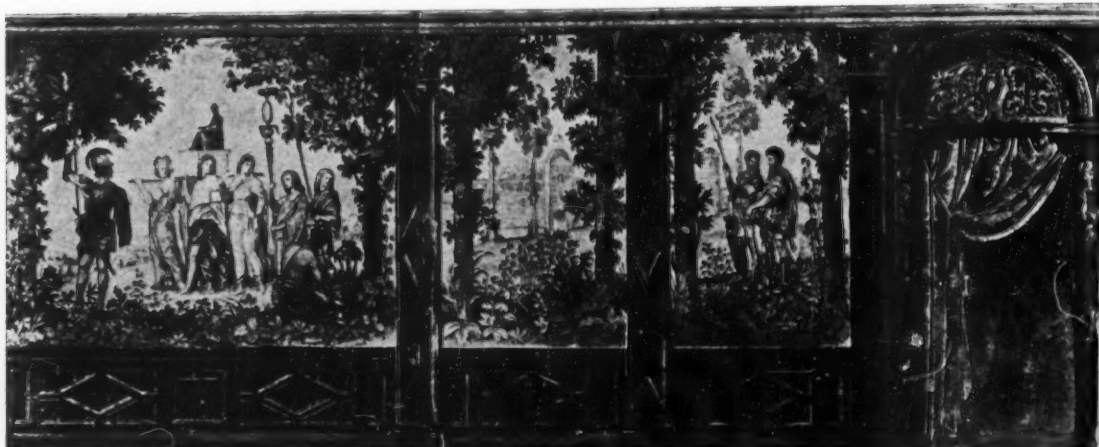
in restoring the universal vogue of the only kind of wall hanging that meets every architectural requirement.

II.

THE ORIGIN OF tapestries it is vain to seek. The figured fabric easiest to weave on the primitive loom is tapestry, and for that reason we find pieces of tapestry used to adorn the cloaks and robes of primitive peoples in all ages, from remote antiquity to the present time, and in all parts of the world.

These primitive tapestries—ancient Egyptian, ancient Greek, Coptic, Peruvian, Mexican, Navajo, Tunisian, Oriental kelims—though real tapestries in every sense of the word, *are not arras tapestries*.

The essential feature of all real tapestries is that the warp threads be entirely hidden by the weft threads and that the figures be formed by inserting the weft in plain weave (i.e., complete



NORTH WALL OF THE UPPER HALL OF A NEW YORK RESIDENCE

(The Tapestries shown on the preceding four pages)

alteration with the warp, under every odd warp and over every even warp thread, or vice versa), in blocks of color. Moreover, in a large proportion of real tapestries, the presence of the hidden warp threads is made evident by the way they push up in ridges or ribs the weft threads that cover them. In other words, nearly all real tapestries are figured reps.

Arras tapestries represent the art brought to perfection, and developed to its highest point in the last half of the Fifteenth Century and the first half of the Sixteenth Century—as far as can be shown by the actual examples that have survived—but undoubtedly woven also by the ancient Greeks and the ancient Romans, as is proven by passages in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and by the ancient Greek vase painting, and by Ovid's description of the tapestry-weaving contest between Pallas and Arachne.

There are also very unusual all-silk tapestries from China, both ancient and modern, depicting not only flower and fruit ornamentation, but also landscapes and personages. Many of these Chinese tapestries have only the main outlines woven, the gradations of shade and tone being produced by painting with dyes after weaving. None of the Chinese tapestries that I have seen, however,

could in any sense be called arras tapestries.

An essential characteristic of arras tapestries is not only the comparatively coarse horizontal ribs covered with fine vertical weft threads, but also the vertical hatchings or spires of color into which the weft threads often group themselves, producing blendings and gradations of tone that in other tapestries are produced in the dye pot.

Arras tapestries—named from the French-Flemish city that was the chief center of their manufacture in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries—represent the highest point that has ever been attained by the art of weaving. They also represent the most effective means that has ever been discovered for decorating walls with pictured stories of the history and romance of the world.

During the ages of Mohammedan supremacy in Europe—when Christianity trembled before Moslems, as they now tremble before Christians—any interesting silk tapestries, in weave resembling Chinese rather than arras tapestries, were produced in Persia, Egypt, Spain and Sicily. The ancient Roman Empire centered at Constantinople, after the capital was removed there from Rome, by Constantine in 330 A.D., also produced its share.



SHOWING TAPESTRY PANELS WOVEN ON AN AMERICAN LOOM.
(decorate the wall opposite to that shown above.)

In the museums of Lyons, Nuremberg, and South Kensington are fragments attributed to the Twelfth Century, that formerly belonged to the Church of Saint Gereon in Cologne. Large circular medallions on a brownish-blue ground represent, in tones of light ivory, a winged griffin with eagle above and bull below. The design is clearly of Byzantine origin, but the crudeness of the weave indicates an Occidental maker.

In the Cathedral of Halberstadt are three quaint Twelfth or Thirteenth Century tapestries, perhaps of local manufacture. Two of these are narrow bands—the first picturing Christ and the Apostles, the second the story of Abraham and Isaac—intended to hang above the choir stalls.

In the Fourteenth Century undoubtedly many splendid tapestries were woven, but of the splendid Fourteenth Century tapestries only one set has survived, and that is in a sadly mutilated condition, after having been subjected to brutal treatment at the hands of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century vandals. I refer to the famous set of seven tapestries at the Cathedral of Angers, picturing the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.

Of tapestries woven at Arras, there remains only one set that can be positively identified, the Fifteenth Century

Story of Saint Piat and Saint Eleuthere at the Cathedral of Tournai in Belgium. Of this set we know the exact month and year of completion, the name of the maker and the name of the donor; for one of the pieces bore the inscription which reads translated:

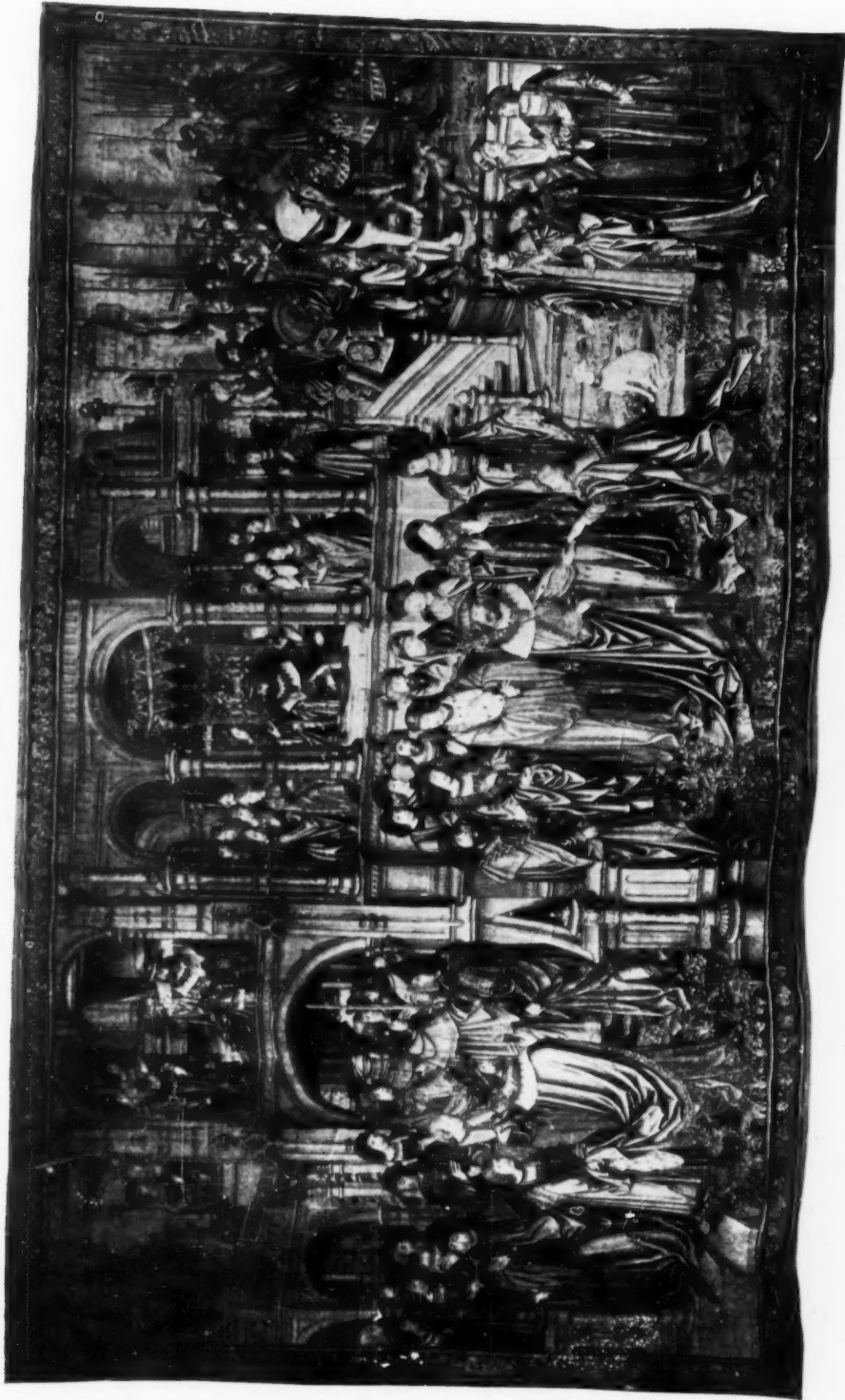
These cloths were made and completed
In Arras by Pierrot Fere
The year one thousand four hundred two
In December gracious month
Will all the saints kindly pray to God
For the soul of Toussaint Prier?

The most important Early Fifteenth Century tapestry in the United States is the Burgundian Seven Sacraments, illustrated and described in the November number of THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD.

The Golden Age of tapestry was the last half of the Fifteenth Century and the first half of the Sixteenth Century, the age during which were produced in Brussels and other French-Flemish cities such marvelous sets as the Lady with the Unicorn, in the Cluny Museum, the David and Bethsheba set in the same museum, the Bailée des Roses fragments in the Metropolitan Museum, the Sheep Shearing fragment in the Brussels Museum, and the Wood Cutters in the Paris Musée des Arts Decoratifs and the Victoria and Albert Museum; the Trojan War Tapestries, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum and elsewhere; the Story



DETAIL OF LEFT THIRD OF ONE OF THE LATE GOTHIC
"DAVID AND BETHSHEBA" SET OF TAPESTRIES.
(In the Cluny Museum.)



ONE OF THE LATE GOTHIC "DAVID AND BETHSHERA" SET OF TAPESTRIES
(In the Cluny Museum.)

of Cæsar in the Berne Historical Museum; the Clovis tapestries at the Cathedral of Rheims. Wonderfully fascinating also are the late Gothic triptych tapestries, such as the Mazarin tapestry, lent to the Metropolitan Museum, by

Mr. Morgan; the Brussels Museum's Triumph of Christ; Mr. Blumenthal's Story of Charlemagne; the Triumph of the Virgin in the Louvre and the Story of the Virgin in the Royal Spanish Collection.

(To be continued in "The Architectural Record" for February.)



"THE RAPE OF THE SABINES," PART OF A "ROMULUS AND REMUS" SET IN THE ROYAL SPANISH COLLECTION.

Compare with it the three tapestries lent by Miss Breese to the Metropolitan Museum.



RENAISSANCE "VERDURE WITH PERSONAGES" (CHILDREN PLAYING).
One of a set of five in a New York Shop.



"OUR LADY OF HOPE," THE SPANISH CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.
CHARLES P. HUNTINGTON, ARCHITECT.



PORTION OF DECORATION, "THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS," BY HENRY DEY.



THE SPANISH CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY "OVR LADY OF HOPE"



BY L. R. McCABE.

ALTHOUGH IT IS six hundred and twenty years since the discovery of America, 1912 finds New York with its first Spanish church.

The Church of Our Lady of Hope is situated on 156th Street, near the Riverside Drive. It is within the spacious terrace (originally Audubon Park), crowned to day by the Museums of the Hispanic and Numismatic Societies of America, the whole imposingly sentinelled, as it were, on the Broadway side at the corner of 156th Street, by the building of the Geographical Society of America.

The Spanish church is fourth in this unique group of buildings of which the Hispanic Museum is the motif. When the 155th Street corner has its building in architectural conformity with the Geographical Society's home, there will be a monumental entrance from Broadway to this natural terrace overlooking the Hudson River.

Outside of a university, this is educational centralization unique in America. With three distinctive libraries and collections accessibly convenient for the common benefit of the respective societies, students and the public, will come



"En recuerdo de Felipe Barreda y Carmen de Osma de Barreda."

THE "VISITATION" WINDOW, "OUR
LADY OF HOPE," NEW YORK CITY.
CHARLES P. HUNTINGTON, ARCHITECT.

in time, as originally planned, centralization in heating, illuminating and general utilitarian co-operation, making a civic group at once dignified and efficient.

It is rarely given the American architect to work out so large and attractive a scheme of developments, and that Mr. Charles P. Huntington, the architect, has made the most of his opportunity is matter of civic pride.

The ground level of Our Lady of Hope is some fifteen feet above the street, its roof line is about even with that of the other buildings of the group. It is reached from the street by a flight of steps broken by two landings. The steps are made of buff brick ornamented with buff terra cotta balustrades, which lead to a small terrace in front of the building. This terrace has a terra cotta balustrade supporting bronze lamps.

The church, in keeping with the other buildings, is an adapted style of the Italian Renaissance. It is distinctly Roman in design. Apart from early Christian art, Spain never had a distinctive ecclesiastical architecture. From the invasion of the Moors in the ninth century to their expulsion in 1492, it clung to the earliest Gothic. It was wholly unaffected by the architecture of the Moors, despite it recognized their superior artistic training, and employed them extensively as builders and decorators of its cathedrals, churches and monasteries.

Spain, like all Europe, was influenced by the early and later Italian Renaissance. It retained, however, as does every nation, certain inherent qualities, which are best defined as *feeling*. It is this Spanish feeling that both architect and decorator have aimed to embody in Our Lady of Hope.

The church has a portico of four Ionic columns of terra cotta surmounted by an ornamented pediment and cross of the same material. Unlike the other buildings of the group, which are grey limestone, the church is built of buff brick with buff terra cotta cornices and trim crowned by an ornamented terra cotta balustrade. The change in



DECORATION BY SOROLLA, "OUR LADY OF HOPE," NEW YORK CITY.
Charles P. Huntington, Architect.

material relieves the eye and varies the color.

In the interior a vestibule leads to galleries and organ loft and into the body of the church, which is eighty feet deep with a seating capacity of four hundred. The nave is formed by high round arches crowned by a dome and a flat stained glass skylight. This is the only New York church known to architect or decorator with nave illuminated by a flat skylight roof. The aisles on either side of the nave are broken by galleries with balconies between the arches. These side aisles are lighted by six beautiful stained glass memorial windows of American design and English execution.

From the sanctuary niche, doors open on either side into the sacristy, the organ loft occupying the high arch opposite the sanctuary.

When the builder, Mr. John Clark Udal, had finished his part, the interior of the church was turned over to Mr. Caryl Coleman. This erudite authority on ecclesiastical art, devised and executed a scheme of decoration which virtually converts Our Lady of Hope into a literal substantiation of a title given to the Mother of God in her litany—"House of Gold." "In Genoa when I was a boy," said Mr. Coleman, "I was immensely impressed with the gold Church of the Annunciation. I went back to it when I was a grown man, with the eyes of the artist, the craftsman. The impression of boyhood deepened, and I said to myself: 'Some day I shall make a gold church.' In Our Lady of Hope I realized the time was ripe to make good that early resolution. There was no money for the precious metal, and I set about for a substitute."

The first step in the metalizing process was secured by lining the entire wall space with aluminum. In the treatment of aluminum for gold effect, alcohol has heretofore been used in mixing the glazes. The result—with the passing of time—has been faded, washed out, grey, greenish tones with scarcely a suggestion of the original gold tint. By substituting oil for alcohol in the mixing of the glazes, Mr. Coleman has obtained veritable gold effects that promise the wear of the real metal.

Upon this metallic background, the entire plain wall surface is covered with a Spanish silk brocade of Renaissance design. The design is worked out in a green gold glaze against a yellow gold background.

The vault of the half dome and the coves of the ceiling are finished in plain hammered metal. In the soffits of the arches is a Renaissance design carrying the word "*pax*" (peace). Emblazoned in the gold frieze which encircles the entire auditorium are the words of Christ to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build My Church,

and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

Upon the spandrels of the great arches, worked out with transparent colors against the gold background are the adoring angels, while on the spandrels of the smaller arches the four Evangelists are symbolically introduced.

In keeping with the architectonic notes of the church, the larger windows are glazed with Renaissance glass. The subjects are the Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, Adoration, Presentation, and the Marriage Feast of Cana.

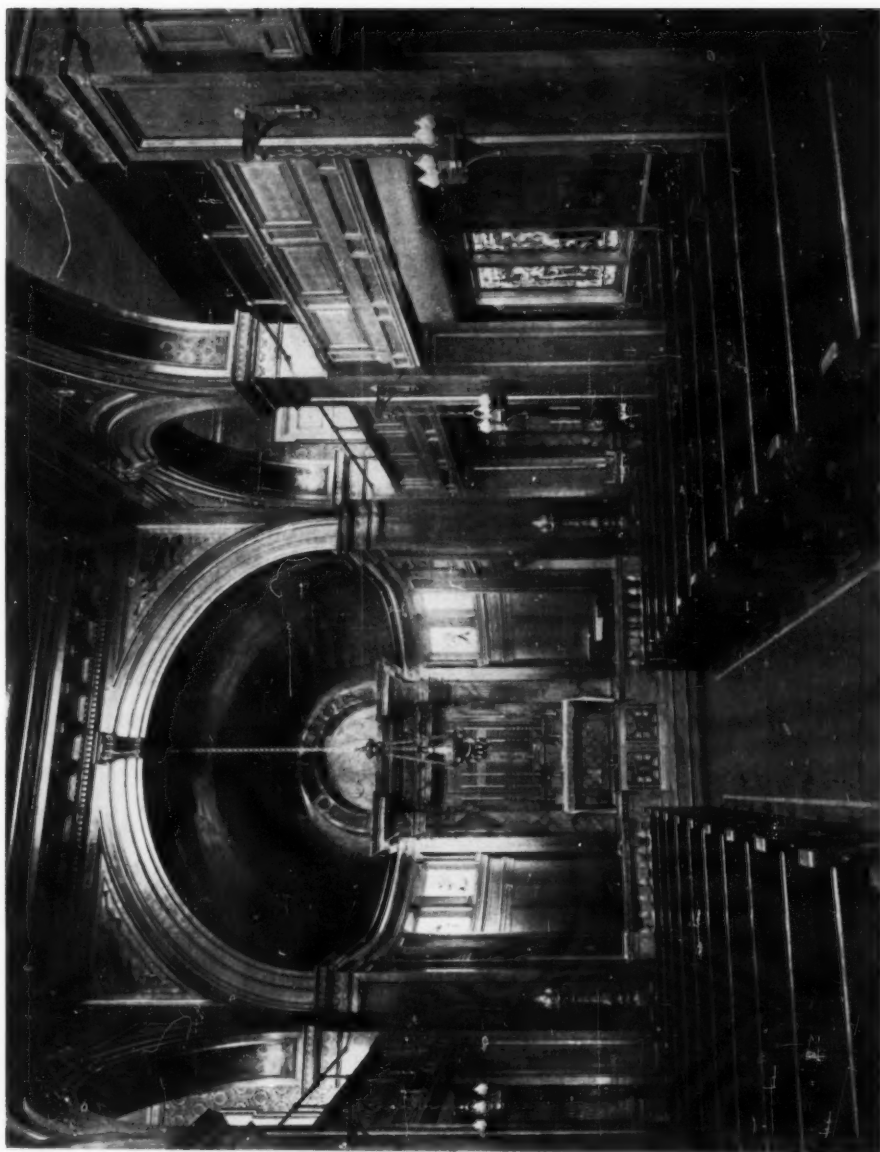
The skylight roof of the nave is divided into three parts. In each division is the symbol of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Mindful of the words of Christ: "I am the vine and ye are the branches," Mr. Coleman has introduced vine and fruit, making of them the heraldic device of many of the Archiepiscopal Sees of the Spanish world as Madrid, Havana, Lima, Buenos Ayres, Mexico. This detail necessitated extensive correspondence with the heads of the various Sees in order to get the accurate heraldic bearings.

The four windows looking into the sanctuary are glazed with four of the seven spirits that stand before the Throne of God—the Archangels: Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel. The windows in the facade of the church are glazed with the name of Jesus and accompanying symbols. Further placed in the windows are the arms of the present Pope Pius X and His Eminence, Cardinal Farley.

On either side of the main entrance are two windows illustrating Motherhood: Mary, Mother of Our Lord, returning from Calvary on the arm of John, the Beloved, and St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine, in her last conversation at Ostia, as described in the Confessions of Augustine.

Aside from decorative value, the fourteen Stations of the Cross, grouped to make a continuous panorama, despite the broken wall space, have more than passing interest for the aspirant.

"They are by no means the highest form of pictorial art," said Mr. Coleman, "yet I maintain they are far superi-



INTERIOR TOWARD CHANCEL, "OUR
LADY OF HOPE," NEW YORK CITY.
CHARLES P. HUNTINGTON, ARCHT.
CARYL COLEMAN, DECORATOR.

or to any painted Stations of the Cross in the churches of America."

Without money to employ the master painters he would have selected for the work, Mr. Coleman made the Stations of the Cross subject of a competition open to young men whom he knew were doing good things and were ambitious to "arrive." Five competed with the understanding that Mr. Coleman should constitute the jury and that his decision should be final. When the award was made to Mr. Henry Dey, the competitors viewed the submitted work, and without knowing Mr. Coleman's decision, they unanimously accorded with it.

The masterpiece of the gold church is the High Altar. So successfully have architect and decorator collaborated, that it is apparent to the untutored eye that the church was built to enshrine it.

"I am particularly proud of the altars," confessed Mr. Huntington. "Their beauty of color, the rich yellow Sienna marble carved as only Italy can carve, the proportions of their parts, their complete harmony with each other and the architecture of the church make them the handsomest altars in New York."

The High Altar is the gift of Mrs. Frederic C. Penfield, and the sanctuary floor of marble and mosaic, and the Sienna marble Communion rail and bronze door, are all worked out on lines in well studied harmony with it.

The two side altars, architectural and pictorial complement of the High Altar, are enriched by paintings from two of Spain's greatest living artists—Madrado and Sorolla. These side altars were gifts of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Frederic C. Penfield.

In the enrichment of the altars there is much to recall the days of Beni Cellinni, so scholarly the care, so finished the art with which minutest details are worked out.

The door of the tabernacle of the High Altar, for example, is a gem of Christian symbolism and the gold-

smith's art. It is made of bars of pure gold, repousse and chiselled work, enriched with transparent enamel of sterling silver grading from a silver tone to a deep emerald.

The key of this door is of gold and diamonds, once part of the personal jewelry of a well known Spanish-American woman in whose memory it was made.

It is in the form of a fish, because the letters composing the Greek word for fish, make the final letter in Greek "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." The word appears on one side of the handle of the key in gold letters buried in transparent green enamel. On the reverse side is the name of Jesus in its monogrammatic form in combination with Alpha and Omega. Around the border is a memorial inscription and a text from Holy Scripture.

On a side altar are a crucifix and six candlesticks made of pure gold and transparent enamels. Excepting the body of the cross, which is a reproduction from an Italian work of the fifteenth century, Mr. Coleman asserts that the whole is absolutely original in design, as are the four bronze memorial lamps in the nave.

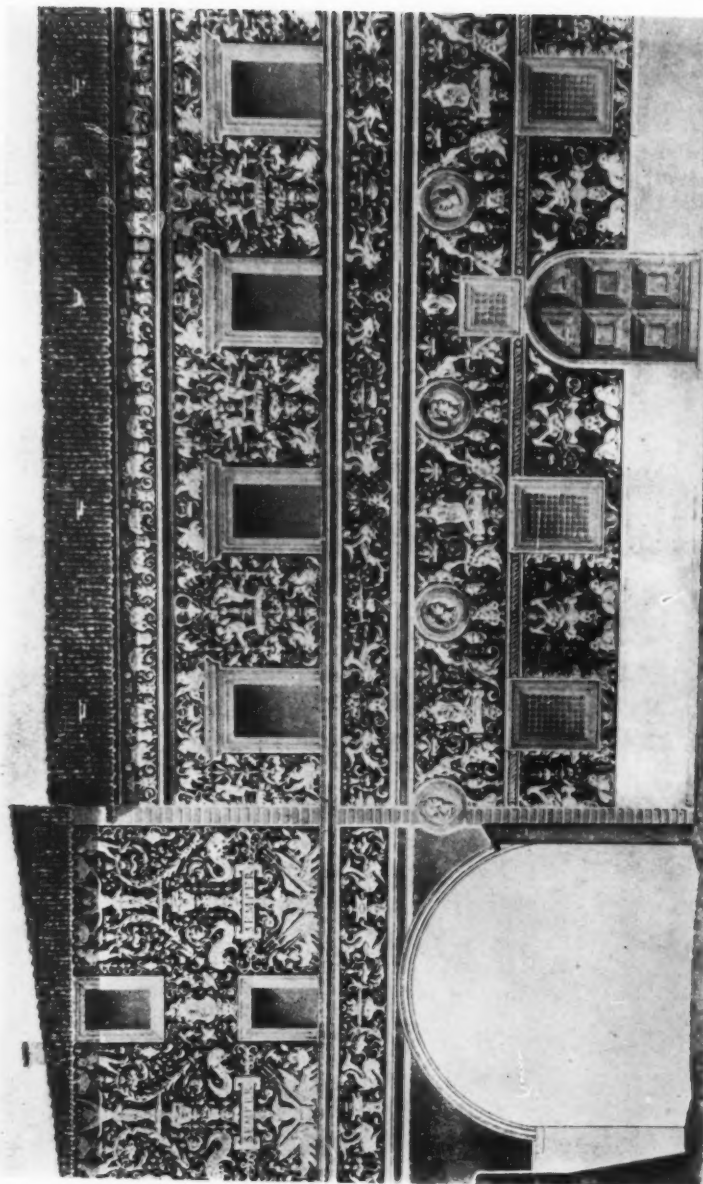
"Debarring the motif, which is that of the Renaissance period," said Mr. Coleman, "they are absolutely original. In making the designs I transported myself back into the spirit and feeling of mediaeval Spain so far as is possible for a twentieth century man."

Not only candlesticks, crucifix (gift of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt), missal-stands, praying desks, consecration crosses and holy water stoups, but the poor boxes harmonize with one another in period, style and color, while the whole is in complete unison with the architectural character of the building, making Our Lady of Hope not only a "thing of beauty," but an auditorium of Christian art well worth the study of architect, decorator and builder, if not the "man in the street."



*The Altar Lamp a Gift from the
King of Spain.*

DETAIL—THE ALTAR—"OUR LADY OF HOPE,"
NEW YORK CITY. CHARLES P. HUNTINGTON,
ARCHITECT. CARYL COLEMAN, DECORATOR.



*Courtesy of the Avery Library,
Photograph by M. F. Friederang.*

**A. FACADE DECORATED IN SGRAFFITO—1584,
PALAZZO D'ALESSANDRO VITELLI ALLA CANNONIERA.**



DETAIL OF SGRAFFITO WORK ON THE FACADE OF 548 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.
Menconi, Decorator.

AN ANCIENT ART REVIVED AN ACCOUNT OF "SGRAFFITO" BY MAXIMILIAN F FRIEDERANG

SO MUCH HAS been written on the subject of *fresco buono* and the sister art of *sgraffito*, that it may now be difficult to say anything in the way of general theory which has not already been either observed upon or hinted at by some one or other of the ingenious and learned writers of those countries of Europe where this art has had the advantage of being cultivated earlier and more widely encouraged than in this country.

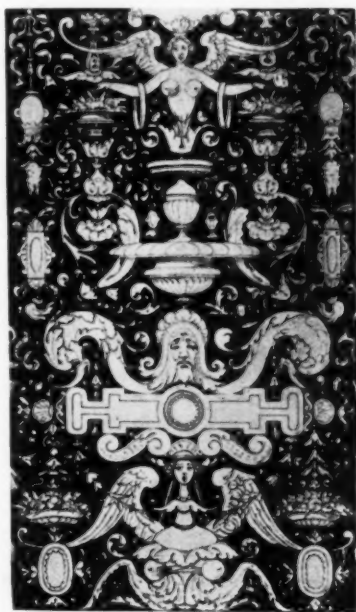
Therefore, without attempting either to avoid or to follow the tracks of others, I shall present a series of observations which appear to me best calculated to lead attention into the track of study. Those studies of our predecessors were, more than any other means, the direct cause of their successes, and may enable us, if anything can, to sustain and to perpetuate the art, and to further the attainment of whatever other desiderata may yet remain for the completing and perfecting of *sgraffito*.

Sgraffito comes from the Italian word for "scratchwork," hatching, black and white work, and "chiar-oscuro" of the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. A French author in 1770 describes it as a sort of black and white fresco and creates the name "*manière égratinée*." Our Russel Sturgis, in the Dictionary of Architecture and Building,

gives us the following terms: "The scratching or scoring of the surface, as of fresh plaster, with a point to produce decorative effects. Sometimes, in plaster work or pottery, the scoring is done so as to reveal a surface of different color beneath. The process is sometimes carried far, even to the decoration of large wall surfaces."

The spelling of "*Graffito*" is Florentine in root, but is correct, and most Latin languages follow that derivation.

Vasari describes the process, and in "*Lives*" (edit. 1851, iii, 348-9) states that it was the invention of Andrea Feltrini, called di Cosima, of Florence, who cov-



Courtesy of the Avery Library.
A SGRAFFITO PANEL FROM THE
PALAZZO D'ALESSANDRO VITELLI
ALLA CANNONIERA, 1584.



A SGRAFFITO FRIEZE EXECUTED IN 1877, IN VIENNA.
Drawn by M. F. Friederang.

ered the fronts with an intonaco of black plaster, which, while in its fresh state, he covered with a white plaster and transferred his cartoons on this, and then hatching the outline with a graving iron so as to show the black plaster through, he then went over the whole work with a black or darkly tinted color in a very fluid state, as stated in his (Vasari's) Florentine remarks on "hatching."

The first façade so done by Cosimo was that of the Palazzo Gondi in the Borgo Oguissanti followed later by an elaborate one on the Lung Arno near the church of S. Michele, which was in a grander and more elab-

orate manner. Vasari (IV., p. 85) mentions that Perino del Vaga executed the front of the house of the Marchesa di Massa near that of Maestro Pasquino, in chiar-oscuro after the manner of Polidoro and Maturino.

Vasari and Bossi throw no light as to earlier works, but a case in the South Kensington Museum is full of specimens of *sgraffito* pottery, Italian in origin, and of the Fifteenth Century—possibly the application to house decoration in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, followed. The Metropolitan Museum in New York has many very valuable examples, conveying lessons in the historic development of the art and technique of *fresco* and *sgraffito* and the color chemistry.

The daughter of Dibutades, a potter of Corinth, while bidding farewell one evening to her lover, was struck by the distinctness of his shadow cast by the light of a lamp on the plaster wall of her dwelling. The idea occurred to her to preserve the image of her beloved, by tracing with a pointed implement at hand, the outline of his figure on the wall; and when her father, the potter, came home, he appreciated the importance of her discovery, crude though the work was, and he cut the plaster out within the drawing she had thus made, took a cast in clay from it, and baked it with his other pottery. Such is the well known Greek tradition, assigning a simultaneous origin to the graphic and plastic arts and claiming both as of Greek invention. But, unfortunately for the truth of this pretty story, the arts were known and practiced long before.



Courtesy of the Avery Library.

A SGRAFFITO PANEL FROM THE PALAZZO
D'ALESSANDRO VITELLI ALLA CAN-
ONIERA, 1584.



BY MR. STEGER, OF VIENNA, 1877.
Drawn by M. F. Friederang.

The Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History have proofs without going farther, that *sgraffito* is the earliest type of drawing and was used in every country where the light of sunshine and the first rays of civilization appear.

The drawing in the sand or snow, cut in the bark of the tree or in stone, the runic sign writing are all primitive expressions of the technique of *sgraffito*.

This inborn natural talent of art may be easily traced to the very first human creatures, and we may easily follow the primitive man with a stick drawing signs in the sand. The more complicated forms of the early scratched inscriptions which have been of such great value to the modern archaeologists are all successful applications of the technique of *sgraffito*.

Polidore da Caravaggio with Maturina followed the system of "scratched work" at Rome before 1526. Pile's "Art of Painting," (London, 1754, page 123), mentions Cosimo, D. Beccafumi and G. da Udini as producing work of this kind. Morto da Feltro, in arabesques and grotesques, was master of Cosimo.

Sgraffito is described from Vasari in Neve Builders Dict. (1736, 5. Vo., Painting VI) and in the Twentieth Report of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington (London, 1873).

The late Director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, Sir Purdon Clark, in a conversation on our personal investigation and observations on ancient arts, said: "Work executed in England in *sgraffito* has proved of great satisfaction, and not only the cause of general admiration but a technical success, which proves a *fresco* and *sgraffito* can, with

out question, be used in the damp and saline air of London."

My personal experience is the same, and I may only add to his words that cleanliness, diligence and careful application of the uses of materials will produce success under most difficult conditions.

Sir Purdon states further: "On my visit to the Orient, to India and Persia, China and Japan, I found works in *sgraffito* which, in minute details and



WORKING ON A FULL-SIZE "CARTOON" FOR
THE SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS OF ST.
MARY'S CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.



DETAILS OF SGRAFFITO DECORATION.

perfect execution, cannot be duplicated anywhere in the civilized world." A paper on *sgraffito* decoration was read by Mr. A. S. Cole to the Royal Institute of British Architects (10th of March, 1873).

At Abou Simbel, there is an inscription in *sgraffito* in the hieratic characters, left by a contemporary visitor; and at Spaleto, near the Cathedral, there is a large palace covered with designs attributed to Julio Romano. Letarouilly (Rome Moderne, Fol. Paris, 1849, pl. 110) gives a Sixteenth Century façade in vicolo de Matricciani. At Pisa there is the front of the Palazzo Conventuale, of the order of S. Stefano, by Forzori.

Our builders of to-day have attempted over and over again to work in *sgraffito*, and our foremost architects all over the world have been recognizing its value, but the failures connected with many attempts are explained by the careful study of conditions and the incapacity of the artists and decorators engaged in the work. Haste and nervousness on the part of architect and artist will lead to great disappointments. I have seen works executed on façades, when snow and ice were on the ground, or in weather near zero threatening, or where rain for days washed out all the strength of the plaster; I have found the lime-putty used to be one or two days old, and the pigments bought in a paint shop without further investigation. And often

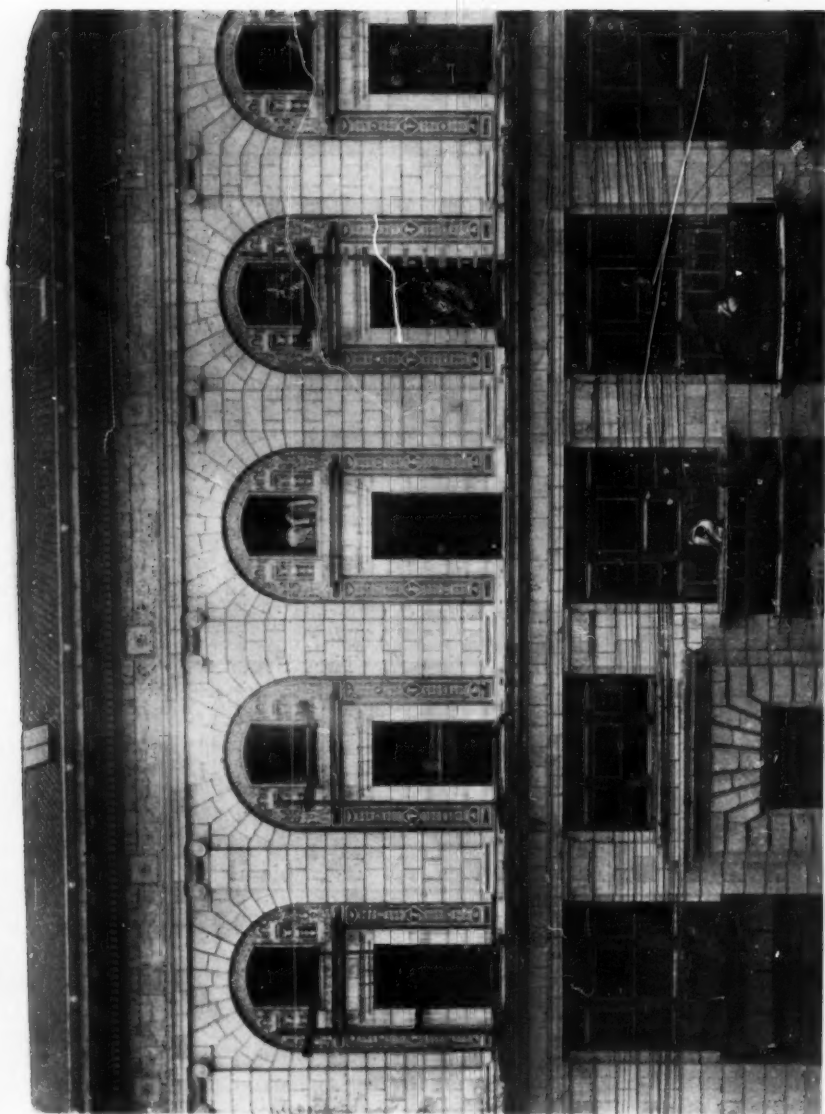
the entire work has been intrusted to a babel without authority. Most of our decorators or artists have, without any experience, relied on scanty book information, and the plasterer has had to depend on this. Our up-to-date plasterer must work quickly, and he is used to materials different from those used in the time of the Greeks and Romans and during the Renaissance. An artist executing fresco or *sgraffito* must watch with both eyes and be very practical if he wants the proper material on the wall; a one-to-three or one-to-four plaster is unhandy and difficult for the present day artisan to work. The *sgraffito* problem is another difficulty, and will come as a novelty even to the most practical plasterer. One could give hundreds of directions, which are all new in their application to the profession, but which are all essential to the success of the art.

I needed twenty years of practice and great courage for my later achievements in *sgraffito*, every day furnishing new and valuable information.

There are always such problems as damp, saltpetre, and other deteriorations of the mineral wall. Nothing must be neglected; no healthy body can be expected where the bone is sick and no healthy successful decoration is possible where the foundation is not in the most perfect condition. One handful of cement or plaster-of-paris in the plaster is destructive to the durability of any



A SGRAFFITO PANEL DECORATION.



THE BUCKINGHAM BUILDING—MUSIC HALL IN WATER-
BURY, CONN. MCKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHI-
TECTS. SGRAFFITO WORK BY M. F. FRIEDERANG.



SGRAFFITO PANEL FROM A FLORENTINE PALACE.

Drawn by M. F. Fiederang.

fresco or *sgraffito* work. The latter material may furnish a solid, quick setting surface, a thing which is very pleasing to the plasterer, but which destroys the crystallization of the artistic body and dries the ground so quickly that there is no time to perform the work. After the first frost or the action of our steam heating apparatuses, cracking is imminent.

The setting of the plain, natural material used for *fresco* and *sgraffito* will, in six months, be more safe than the best Portland cement.

In Egypt and Asia Minor I personally investigated the different antique plasters. I found plasters laid on wood lath, on twisted and braided bamboos and grasses, so solid and excellent in unity of body, that only the hair and the miner-

alized vegetable formations could give me proof that I had only a plaster and not a solid stone grown into a stone, as hard and solid as quartz (density 6).

My investigation, scientifically pursued, furnished me with the following facts:—

A plaster made from a natural unity of materials, not forced into a connection, will grow in time into a solid mineral body, where any forced material like cement and plaster-of-paris will dissolve their alliance, when the molecular action takes its natural course. These natural alliances will not only take place, as all mineral conditions show, but will be assisted by nature and nature will not destroy, but will help in any natural growth. Thousands of valuable productions of early art which today grace our museums, classified as sculptures in marble, sandstone, limestone, granite or porphyry, are in reality nothing more than excellent works of plaster and the arts combined—the natural growth and action of a satisfactory union of materials.

Most of the works of Egypt and Assyria and Babylon may receive their explanation through this perfection in plaster.

They never use foreign materials, always the minerals natural in their surroundings, children grown into a natural alliance with the temperaments of climatical conditions.

Sgraffito introduces the use of certain colors, relative to which apply the following particulars:—

The pigments used in *sgraffito* or *fresco buono* by the Italian and Spanish masters are very simple, but they represent enough variety to enable a Raphael and Michelangelo to create wonders in colors, unlimited in their palette.

Armenino observes, "artificial colors never do well in *fresco* or *sgraffito*, nor can any art make them last long without changing, and particularly in the open air; the wall will not take any other than the natural minerals which are found in the ground and which consist of earths of different colors."

My personal observations are as follows:

I have to-day a color chart unlimited, with every variety of tints. Careful investigation shows their ability to withstand the action of the lime, and the chemical action of other active agents in plaster and colors. The next very prominent point of investigation is the durability or stability of the colors under natural and artificial light, as some excellent colors lime-proof and damp-proof bleach down to nothing in the electric light and others in the sunlight. It is possible, however, to produce a durable blue, as rich and beautiful and deep as the finest lapis lazuli, green in every variety, yellow like gold or sunlight and red in every shade. The primitive earth and mineral colors—sepia, sienna, ochre and umber, which are generally accepted as durable and good, are the greatest causes of failure. They require the greatest and most careful analysis. The best authorities on colors are: Armenino, Vasari, Pacheco, Palomino, Raphael, Michelangelo, Giotto, Cennino, Borghini and Leonardo da Vinci.

The historical records of the Accademia San Luca Roma, Carracci at Bologna, Perugia, Padua, Ferrara, Parma, Mantua, Placenza, Verona possess an unlimited wealth of valuable information. They all tell a story of Italian art, the rivalry amongst the different artists, schools and cities; with valuable technical facts full of lessons from the most brilliant artists and artisans.

It is remarkable how, with such great and valuable records, the art world has to make shift with guessing and questioning. One great truth and fact again comes to the front in my investigation: artists and decorators of to-day are not scholars, and rarely think, and the scholars are not artists. Men like Leonardo, Michelangelo and Cennino are great lights and exceptions.

Perhaps it is a little difficult to answer a question as to the relative merits of decoration in *fresco* or *sgraffito*.

On final analysis both are a form of *fresco buono*, the first being a mural decoration or a mural painting, where the technique is one of color, and in the latter, one in which mastery of drawing is the greater factor.

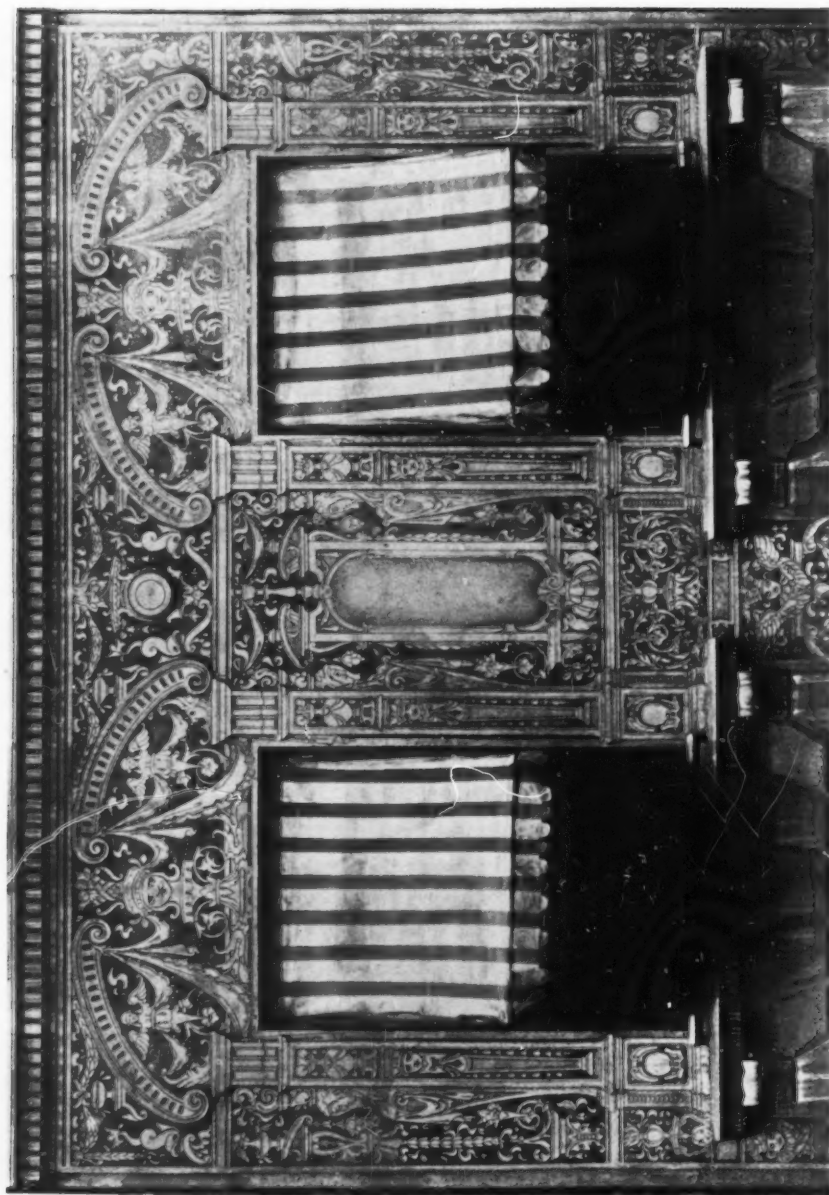


SGRAFFITO PANEL FROM A FLORENTINE PALACE.

Drawn by M. F. Friederang.

The *fresco buono* has quality superior to *sgraffito* for exterior façade decoration. It affords a clean, undisturbed wall space, without any crevices for frost or rain to weaken the body of plaster and the decoration. The discretion of the decorator may furnish counsel in the low relief cutting of the drawing. The simplicity and decorative quality of drawing the low relief cannot be duplicated otherwise for decorative effect.

The scratching of the drawing is very difficult, but an artist fully acquainted with pen and ink technique and with a good mastery in charcoal drawing will soon succeed in his work. Mastery and strength will soon take precedence over anything else, as there is no time for overcrowding details and only the dom-



DETAIL OF WINDOWS, 548 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. CARRERE AND HASTINGS ARCHITECTS. SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS BY MENCONI.

inating line and the character of the drawing can be the guiding power. Everything mechanical, the use of a compass, ruler, anything outside the free hand is to be deplored, for it will produce a stiff and mechanical character in the decoration. For the man with ability here is an unlimited faculty in the use of this technique and it furnishes a splendid opportunity for the man of ability and dexterity as a draftsman. Peculiar qualities of line appear in *sgraffito*. The frieze which is executed in the Robing Room of the United States Supreme Court, with thirty-two portraits of Greece and Rome, have been likened to carvings in ivory.

The plaster, as explained by the originators of the art of *sgraffito*, must be compact and firm, but easy to cut in minute details. Lime mixer has a tendency to make the plaster brittle, but in connection with silicat "binder" the top layer will be soft as butter, without any tendency to cracking. With this binder it is possible to regulate the system of



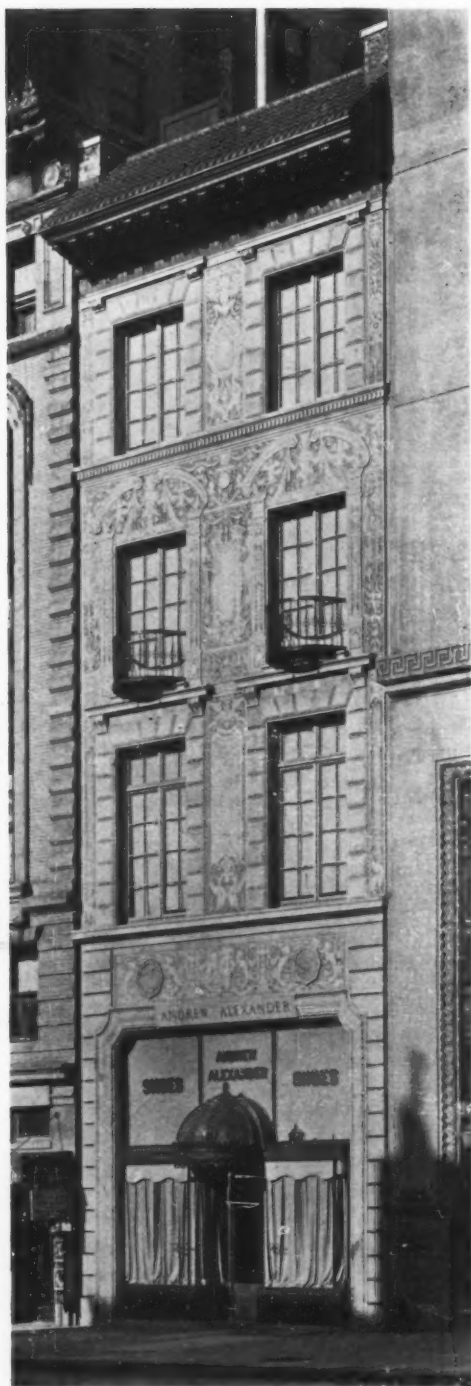
DETAIL OF A SGRAFFITO PANEL.
FACADE AT 548 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK CITY.
Carrère and Hastings, Architects.
Menconi, Decorator.

setting—from one to eight days—which furnishes ample time for the most careful execution of the design. There is no limit—from the elaborate finish of a Holbein etching to a bold drawing of Carragio. In the coloring of the plaster, which gives the strength and character of the line, solidity of color is demanded, a change of color being permissible only in the different parts of the composition. Difference in color, however, demands difference in plaster, which is to be mastered by artisans and not by artists, as the complication of the work should be avoided as far as possible.

In general, the men of art have freely chosen their profession, and suppose themselves to have special faculty for it; yet, as a body, they are an unhappy lot, many of them most clever charlatans, who are living in utterly false state of mind and action. Originality, dexterity, invention, imagination, and everything is asked from them except what is to be had for asking—honesty and sound



THREE WORKING "CARTOONS" FOR THE SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.
By Maximilian F. Friederang.



NO. 548 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.
THE FACADE DECORATED IN SGRAFFITO.
Carrère & Hastings, Architects.
Sgraffito Decorations by Menconi.

work, and their due discharge of their functions as painters.

The *sgraffito* artist must be correct without losing energy or courage, full of ambition, ever ready to fulfill the task of the moment, at day or night; a man of courage and nerve, a man who does not look for comfort, who does not need guiding and advice, who knows every part of his material, his colors, his composition, his cartoon and the application of every detail, a man able to take successfully the trowel, the float, the brush, the engraving tools, and to use these different implements with the same success and facility.

It has been attempted in this article to furnish illustrations containing the most valuable information. It is important to appreciate the simplicity and strength necessary for the *sgraffito* "cartoon," or working drawing. Only a draughtsman who is able to compose his subjects with the least number of lines will be successful. This cartoon, when drawn, will be completely worked over with a needle or a tracing wheel. After this part of work medium-grain sandpaper is used to carefully work off all the rough edges. At this point the draughtsman should underlay a second paper, in order to make a replica, for the safety of the original cartoon. From this point up to the executed drawing on the wall, there is nothing new, and the artist and decorator is only advised not to be hasty, but easy and full of good judgment. The work of drawing or engraving must be executed as soon as the plaster is settled enough to receive it without destruction.

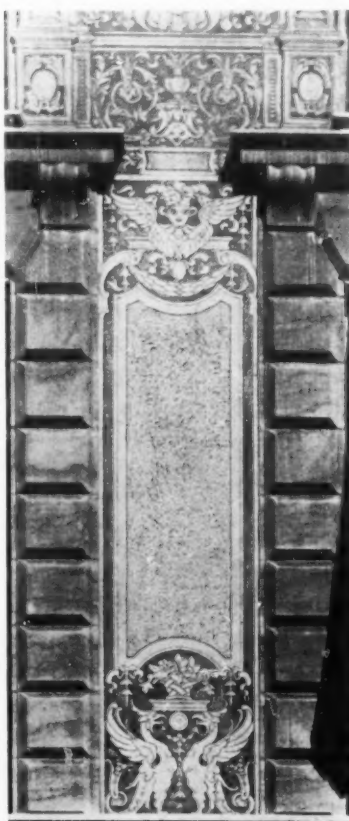
A good drawing is of great help, and the success of the work depends on this work. No artist is too great to neglect this most essential advice without disappointment. The work of the "Last Judgment," by Michelangelo, in the Sistine Chapel, gives clear proof to-day of the use of a "pauns," and Raphael was most intricate in this work. We see in every great artist the wisdom of careful preparation.

For the "pauns bag" I prefer the use of burnt newspapers, as paper-black has the most pleasing and perfect color.

The late Stanford White, speaking of the work on the façade of the Buckingham Building, Waterbury, Conn., said that *sgraffito*, properly understood and competently executed, is the missing link in architectural design—the only means which makes possible the harmonious relation of large and small masses and colors. In the music hall it cannot fail to be observed that the comparatively small windows in the façade are brought into admirable relationship with the larger arched enframements by the *sgraffito* decorative treatment.

This building is one of very few in this country where *sgraffito* is used on the exterior, another being a recently built shop on Fifth Avenue, by Carrère and Hastings, where the entire façade is decorated.

The salient feature of its façade, the delicately and beautifully rendered "*sgraffito*" decoration, which as applied to the exterior treatment of buildings in this country is as rare as it is exquisite in this example. Rarely



DETAIL OF A SGRAFFITO
PANEL, FACADE AT 548
FIFTH AVENUE., NEW
YORK CITY

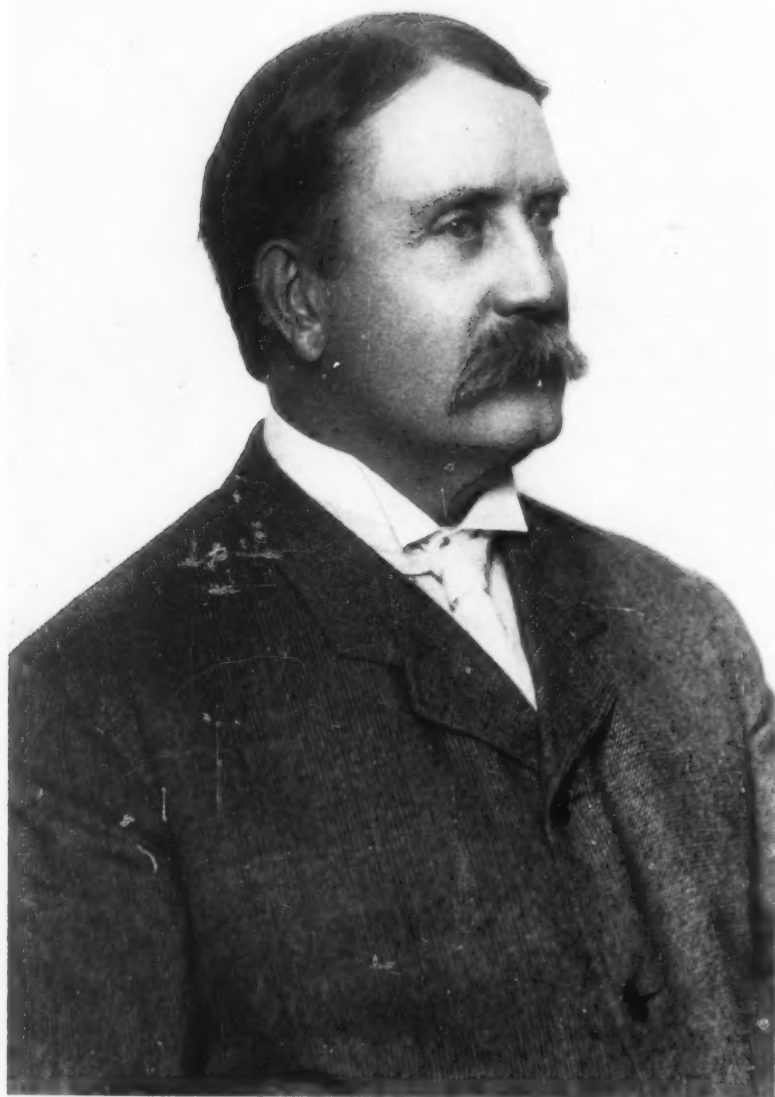
Carrère and Hastings, Architects
Menconi, Decorator

has a more "cheerful" façade graced a city street on this side of the Atlantic. The unique and distinctive effect of this application should make this building an example and a forerunner, showing as it does, where "all who run may read," the great adaptability of *sgraffito* or this sort of work. Often certain members of the design, as in the third-story window-frames of 548 Fifth Avenue, may be further accented by laying the surface in greater relief than the rest of the design.

In the building under consideration the color of the ground is a delicate brown for the patterns, and a neutral cream-buff for the outer coat.

Broadly speaking, architecture is vastly dependent for its fullest development upon the allied arts, and of these the arts of *fresco buono* and *sgraffito* may yet be reclaimed from their now almost unknown status to come into a new life, a second re-nasence, to decorate, inside and outside, our buildings in this country.





Unaffectionate friend
D. H. Pennington



The Court of Honor, Looking Toward the Peristyle.
THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1893.

LESSONS OF THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LATE DANIEL H. BURNHAM

MR. BURNHAM used to trace to the World's Fair at Chicago the beginning of the American city-planning. His own experiences with that enterprise taught him the lesson that co-operation among artists was absolutely essential in order to produce a really great result; and also that success can be achieved only by having one recognized head. The American Academy in Rome was an outgrowth of the intimacies formed among the artists at the Chicago Fair. The Plan of Chicago was another direct result. Mr. Burnham's success in directing the construction at that Fair led to his selection, eight years later, as one of the two original members of the Washington Park Commission, of which

he was the chairman and directing spirit. From that work he was called to undertake the planning of Cleveland, San Francisco, Manila, Baguio, and, as a supreme effort, Chicago. The following interview took place on April 8, 1908, in the rooms he had built on the roof of the Railway Exchange as a workshop for the Chicago plan, to the preparation of which he gave freely not only his time and the ripest results of his experience, but also many thousands of dollars. Mr. Burnham was not talking for publication, as is evident from his familiar way of speaking of his fellow architects, but was recalling the steps leading up to the "Plan of Chicago," preliminary to the writing of the

first chapter of the Report. The conversation embraced various other subjects, which have been omitted; it was taken down by a stenographer and was laid away by the editor of the Report among other notes furnished him by Mr. Burnham and by Mr. Edward H. Bennett, who was present. No attempt was made to cover the entire ground; but enough was said to throw a strong light on the way in which the Fair work developed; and Mr. Burnham's own task of direction is shown to be much more comprehensive than is generally supposed. His tributes to Mr. Codman and Mr. Atwood expressed his deliberate conviction as to the important parts they played in creating the artistic success of the Fair. The death of the former when the work was nearing completion resulted in a loss to this country, which both Mr. Burnham and Mr. McKim often lamented; and their fondness for him was a constantly recurring theme during the progress of the Washington work. The interview should be read in connection with the eulogy by Mr. Peter B. Wight, which appeared in the *ARCHITECTURAL RECORD* for August, 1912.

Charles Moore.

[The narrative in Mr. Burnham's own words follows:]

The World's Fair movement began in 1889, when a temporary organization was made—not a legal one; there was no incorporation. The Chicago people went to Congress, and there fought out the question of the location of the fair that was to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. Washington, New York and St. Louis, always opposed to Chicago, wanted it; but the commercial conditions in Chicago were sufficient to carry through the location here.

There was a Buildings and Grounds committee consisting of Mayor Cregier, Edward T. Jeffery, Eugene S. Pike, Robert A. Waller, Owen F. Aldis and Charles H. Schwab, as I remember. They asked me in as a sort of unofficial adviser. They incorporated in the spring of 1890. Happily, politics were not in the minds of the committee, and they

gave no special attention to that subject. Along in July, 1890, James Ellsworth, then president of the South Parks Board (he was very active in artistic matters; he now lives in New York and has a villa in Florence), happened to be in the East. He was on one of the committees,¹ and he went out to Brookline to see Frederick Law Olmsted, whom he asked to come out here, guaranteeing to pay him \$1,000. Olmsted came, and in August made a report. He brought with him Harry Codman,² whom I first saw at a meeting in Chicago. We had already urged the selection of Jackson Park. Olmsted had figured the thing out, and on a sheet of foolscap paper he made a rough sketch—a design of Jackson Park. He recommended this park, and advised that Wooded Island be left as it was. The latter feature was not then acted upon, but Jackson Park was definitely approved as the site.

Then Harry Codman, John Root and I took up the matter. I have in my records a good many of the drawings made at that time. We had a cross-section lithograph of the park, on which we worked. We determined the size of the buildings, and finally their location; we retained Wooded Island, and, at my suggestion, placed a fountain in the vista.

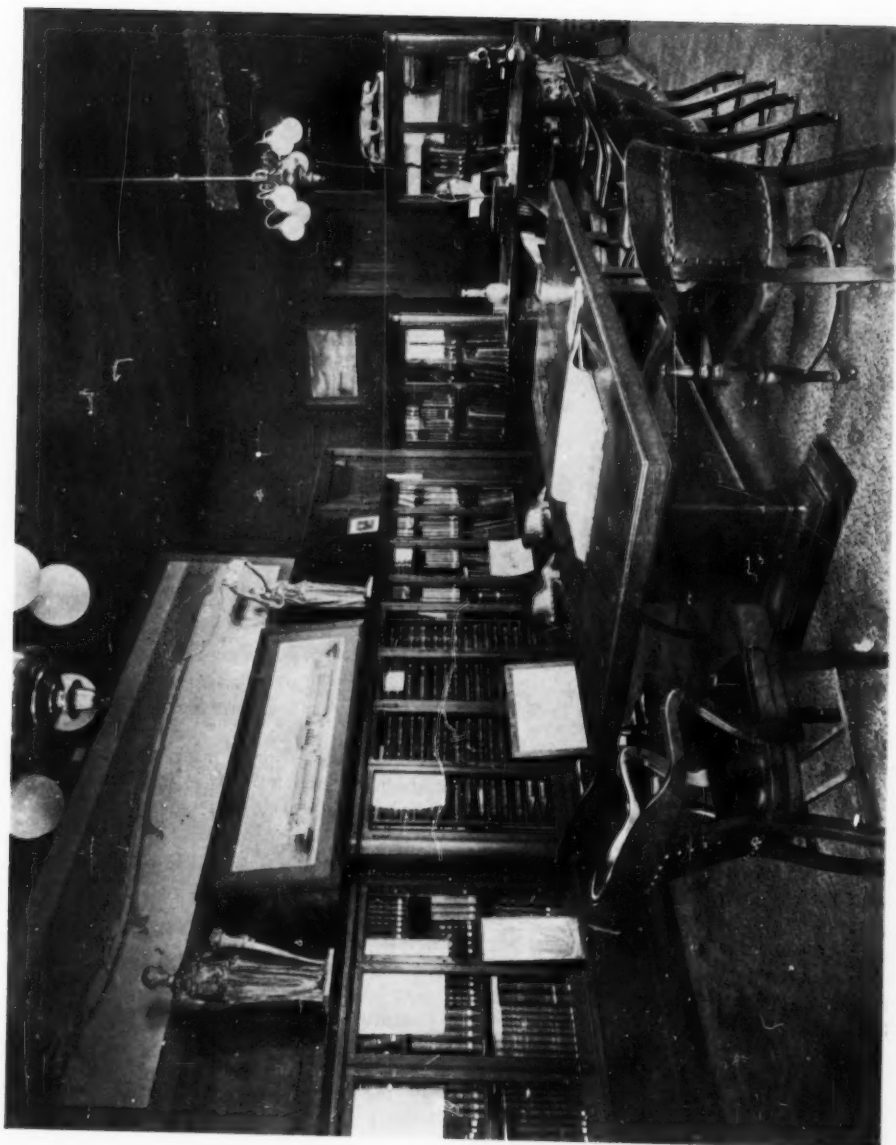
Then came the fight. The National Commission³ demanded that plans and specifications be submitted for their approval. We presented the general plan as we had it laid out, on a piece of brown paper, not rendered at all; and standing up before the crowd, I made some explanations. In November the National Commission adopted the plans and specifications submitted as satisfying the Act of Congress.

In September, 1890, an organization

¹James W. Ellsworth was a member of the Committee on Foreign Exhibits.

²Henry Sargent Codman, a partner of Mr. Olmsted. He died January 13, 1893. Tablets for him and Mr. Root were placed on the Fine Arts building. For the report, see History of the World's Columbian Exposition, New York, 1897.

³Appointed under authority of Act of Congress, approved April 25, 1890, and consisting of two commissioners for each State and Territory and eight commissioners at large. This commission had important powers. There were some clashes with the Chicago Directory, but the work was done mainly by the local body.



MR. BURNHAM'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE RAILWAY EXCHANGE.
Over the framed drawing on the book-case is Jules Guérin's original rendering of the Lake-Front Parkway.



SCENE FROM THE WINDOWS OF MR. BURNHAM'S OFFICE.

Overlooking Michigan Avenue, Grant Park and Lake. The play of light and shadow on the water, and the breadth of view were sources of keen delight to him.

had been formed; John Root was made consulting architect, Olmsted consulting landscape architect, and I was named chief of construction. My commission was drawn by Jeffery, then president of the Illinois Central, who acted as chairman of the Grounds and Buildings Committee. He placed everything under my control, and fixed it so that all others must report to me direct, so that they could make no communications save through me. It was urged by men who knew more about organization than I did at that time, that it was absolutely necessary to have a chief.

We shoved on as fast as we could, without having anything definite in regard to the various buildings. Then, late in the year, December, I believe, I grew very impatient, and told the committee that we must have action—get

together a force of men and begin work. There was further delay, but about the 5th of January I got orders. It was agreed that I should select five Chicago architects and five outside architects. I made my selection and went before the committee of seven members, three of whom were in political life. The committee could not come to an agreement, the politicians desiring to keep me from making the selection. Finally Gage put the motion—four voted for and three against me.

The next morning I had a letter prepared to the men in the East, asking them to participate in the work. I had written to them previously, feeling confident that I would carry my point. My plan was to bring together the men of greatest experience. I was forty-four and a half years old, and knew who the

men were. I went to New York and met the architects at the Players' Club; told them they would be expected to design their buildings, and I would guarantee that none of their artistic conceptions would be interfered with; that Root would give expression, of course; but that they would be kept in full touch, and whatever each desired in regard to his own building would be carried out. I found them in doubt and uncertain whether they would take part; but they finally decided to come in.⁴

The five Chicago firms⁵ selected I called on the morning after the decision in committee. First Cobb, then Beeman, each of whom said he would come in. Next Burling & Whitehouse and Jenney & Mundie consented. Adler & Sullivan "did not know"; later they, too, decided to come in.

The Eastern architects appeared on Saturday, January 10. McKim did not come, but Mead represented that firm; then there was Hunt, Peabody, Van Brunt, George Post and Olmsted. Root, who had been in Georgia for three weeks, got in about nine in the morning. He remained in the office while I drove with the visitors to Jackson Park. It was a cold winter day; the sky was overcast with clouds and the lake covered with foam. We looked the place over. Peabody climbed up on a pier and called out:

"Do you mean to say that you really expect to open a fair here by '93?"

"Yes," I replied, "we intend to."

He said he thought it could not be done; but I told him that point was settled. That night the Grounds and Buildings Committee gave a dinner, the whole crowd being present. Gage presided and made a very beautiful speech. Then Jeffery spoke. Then they asked me to speak. I said that in one sense this was the third great American event, 1776 and 1861 going before; and, that as in both those events men had

come to the front and given themselves up to the public, so now the times demanded self-sacrifice. I told them further that the success of this undertaking depended upon team-work. If they worked for the thing as a whole it would be a great success. There was a great deal of response. It was the same old appeal that the Chicago men had been brought up on. From that night on this spirit never failed.

Sunday I did not come into town. Root had asked the visitors to his house on Astor Place, for five o'clock tea. He was in evening dress, ready to go out somewhere. When they were leaving he ran out and saw them into their carriages. The next morning, while the meeting was in progress, Mrs. Root called me up to say that John had a bad cold, but might come in for the afternoon. In the afternoon she called again to say that John had pneumonia. During the next three days I remained with him nearly all the time, night and day. On Thursday Harry Codman went with me to the house, but did not go in. John was breathing rapidly when I entered his room.

"You won't leave me again, will you?" he pleaded.

I promised to stay. Later I went in to see his wife, who was very ill. His aunt came into the room to tell me John was dead; that he had put his hands on the counterpane as if he were running them over a keyboard (he played beautifully), and said:

"Do you hear that? Isn't it wonderful? That is what I call music!" Then he threw up his hand and was dead.

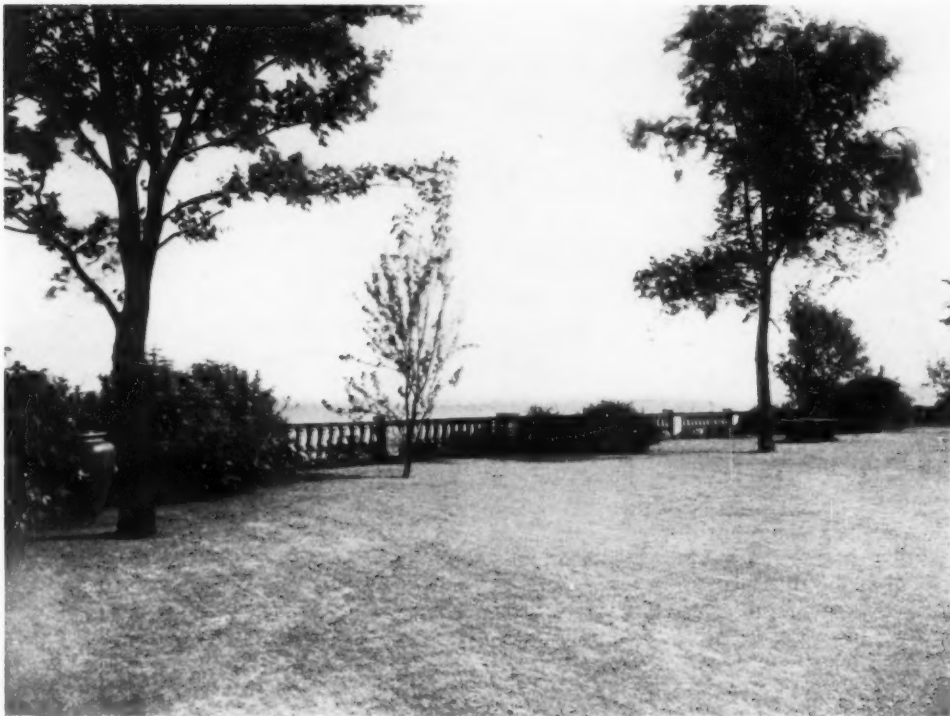
The Eastern men remained for a week working with me. They made one change. Harry Codman's knowledge of formal settings was greater than that of all the others put together. He proposed to carry my fountain back, taking it out of the north and south axis. Then they returned, to meet again in a month. Codman took the plan to Brookline and seriously set to work on exact dimensions, terraces, placing of bridges, and the general laying out of a piece of formal work. We had not given any consideration at all to terraces; but we had

⁴The five firms outside of Chicago were Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post and McKim, Mead & White of New York; Peabody & Stearns of Boston; Van Brunt & Howe of Kansas City.

⁵The Chicago firms were Burling & Whitehouse, Jenney & Mundie, Henry Ives Cobb, Solon S. Beeman and Adler & Sullivan.



A CORNER IN MR. BURNHAM'S STUDY AT EVANSTON, ILL., SHOWING THE MANTEL FROM HIS "SHANTY" ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, HIS PORTRAIT BY ZORN, AND A HEAD BY SAINT-GAUDENS.



TERRACE AT MR. BURNHAM'S HOME IN EVANSTON, ILL.

Overlooking Lake Michigan, and raised above the driveway donated by him to carry out the plan of a lakeside parkway. Here he dispersed a patriarchal hospitality.

agreed that the Italian Renaissance style of architecture should be adopted for the Court of Honor. The buildings were as distinct from one another as could be. Harry Codman was great in his knowledge and in his instincts. He never failed. He liked to come to the business meetings and occasionally he made an excellent suggestion about organization. I loved the man. Nature spoke through him direct.

The men came back I think about the 20th of February. By that time Beeman's building was begun; the design had been made and the foundations were being put in. They came out in a private car. They brought Saint-Gaudens. After they had returned in January I felt I must have Saint-Gaudens. I wrote to ask if he would come out to give general advice; if he would take a fee and his expenses, and go so far as to indicate what sculptors we should use.

The visiting men came to a breakfast. They were filled with enthusiasm. Charles McKim broke out with a good deal of repressed excitement, saying:

"Bob Peabody wants to carry a canal down between our buildings."

I told him I would agree to it and that we would do it even though it would cost something. That was Peabody's contribution to the Fair. At night this canal was wonderfully beautiful.

Next Saint-Gaudens took a hand in the thing. He thought the east end of the composition should be bound together architecturally. All agreed; and he suggested a statue surrounded by thirteen columns, typifying the thirteen original states. We all hailed this as a bully thing.

We had a meeting a day or two later in my office, the Grounds and Buildings Committee being present. Lyman J. Gage presided. All the fellows, includ-

ing the Chicago men, were there, each with his sketch or sketches; and one by one they put the drawings on the wall. Hunt, crippled by rheumatism, sat on the edge of a table, and told about his Administration Building, with its dominating dome, expressing the leadership of the Government. The scheme as a whole had begun to take hold of us. Then came Post. George Post had a dome 450 feet high. The moment they all saw that dome you could hear them murmuring. George turned around to the crowd, saying:

"I don't think I shall advocate that dome. Probably I shall modify the building."

Charles McKim had a portico extending out over the terrace and made extremely prominent. He did not wait, as George had done, but explained that the portico had been under consideration; but that he would withdraw it to the face of the building. The feeling for unity thus manifested, and the willingness of those two men to subordinate their individual ideas in order to produce a single harmonious effect, will illustrate the spirit which made possible the artistic success of the Fair. Where they led, others were willing to follow.

So the day went on. We had luncheon brought in. Then came the large committee. The winter afternoon was drawing to an end. In the room it was as still as death, save for the low voices of the speakers commenting on their designs. You could feel the thing as a great magnet. Finally, when the last drawing had been shown, Gage drew a long breath, stood up against the window, shut his eyes and said:

"Oh! gentlemen, this is a dream!" Then, opening his eyes, he smilingly continued, "You have my good wishes, and I hope it can be carried out."

Saint-Gaudens had been in the corner all day, never opening his mouth, and scarcely moving. He came over to me, and taking both my hands, said:

"Look here, old fellow, do you realize that this is the greatest meeting of artists since the Fifteenth Century?"

I had a great deal of private work; not as large a business as I have now,

but for that time it was a large business. I had a shanty down at the Fair grounds, where I spent most of my nights. A special metallic-circuit telephone connected with my office. I wanted as great an architect as I could get to help in my own work, and consulted several men, among them Professor Ware. The latter was most emphatic about Atwood,⁶ who had been doing beautiful things here and there. I made an appointment with Atwood to meet him in New York. Charles McKim shook his head about him. Atwood did not keep his appointment. I waited an hour at the Brunswick Hotel and then left. As I was crossing the street a man stepped up and asked if I was Mr. Burnham. He said he was Mr. Atwood and asked if I wanted to see him. I told him I was going back to Chicago and would think it over and let him know. Within four hours after I reached my office Atwood came in. He had followed me out. I told him I would like to have him design an art building, and explained what was wanted. He was a very gentle, sweet man, and certainly he was a very great artist. His Art Building is today in design the most beautiful building I have ever seen. He weighed things to a nicety.

I sent a blue print of the Art Building to New York. They took it to the Players' Club, and from there sent back the most enthusiastic telegram you ever read, saying that it was a triumph of art.

I sent a letter to the governor of each of the thirteen original states, asking for a granite column. Atwood promised and promised to prepare a drawing for those columns, but I never could get it out of him. One day I told him I could wait no longer. He then drew out a drawer and showed me the column beautifully drawn. He asked if I had really made up my mind about the scheme. I asked what he meant, catching from his manner that he was

⁶Charles B. Atwood, who, after the Fair, became a member of the firm of D. H. Burnham & Co. He designed more than sixty of the buildings of the Fair, besides various ornamental features.

holding back something. He said he felt that the screen would be too thin, that something a little more solid and tied-together was needed. He was very gentle, but perceiving that he had in mind a scheme, I asked if he could suggest anything. Thereupon he took out a drawing of the Peristyle drawn exquisitely. It was as if some one had flung open the Golden Gates before me. I told him there was no question about it. I sent a copy of it to New York.

"Confound him, he is right every time!"

Saint-Gaudens recommended French, McMonnies and a dozen others. Frank Millet came in about three months after our first meeting. I had chosen a man named Prettyman, largely on account of his great friendship with John Root. He was to have charge of the decorations; and, knowing that staff was going to be used, he had at once begun to work out a general coloring of staff.



COVERED PORTION OF THE PATHWAY THAT LEADS FROM MR. BURNHAM'S HOUSE THROUGH NATIVE WOODS AND CULTIVATED GARDENS TO THE TERRACE.

There was not even a suggestion of a possible alteration. They telegraphed most emphatically that they were glad of the change.

Charles McKim came out often as did the others. Charles McKim would go into the detail of things with me, and was an inspiration. He spent nearly an entire afternoon looking over Atwood's drawings. He took down the books every little while, looked at them, and then turning to me would say:

He concluded that ivory would be the best color. The crowd came out when Beeman's building was nearly finished. I was urging every one on, knowing it was an awful fight against time. We talked about colors, and finally the thought came, "Let us make it all perfectly white." I don't recall who made the suggestion. It might have been one of those things that occurred to all minds at once, as so often happens. At any rate the decision was mine. Pretty-

man was in the East, and I had Beeman's building made cream white. When Prettyman came back he was outraged. He said that so long as he was in charge I must not interfere. I told him that I did not see it that way; that I had the decision. He then said he would get out; and he did. McKim said Frank Millet would be the man for the place. George Post recommended him and this went far, because I have great faith in Post's judgment of men. So I went down to New York and met Frank at a dinner at Delmonico's—Charles McKim gave the dinner and at the dinner I made Frank a proposition, offering him the largest salary of any one on the staff, \$15,000. Frank said it cost him that to live, and I went before the Directors and told them I thought we should pay that. Of course we could not afford to do anything else. Frank organized the whitewash gang. Turner of New York got up a method of blowing paint on buildings; this Frank adopted, and it is now in common use in car shops.

In a sense the Chicago Fair was the first attempt made in this country to connect landscape with architecture, although of course L'Enfant's plan of Washington cannot be ignored. You cannot find an instance of planning an entire city until you come to L'Enfant's plan; and I believe that the plan of Washington exerted a decided influence in Europe.

In 1894, the year after the Chicago Fair, James Ellsworth asked me to take up the consideration of a parkway in the lake, connecting Jackson and Hyde Parks, getting outside the Illinois Central railroad and doing away with the

unpleasant conditions. Nothing was thought of the North Side then. That is a recent idea. The south end of Jackson Park is about eight miles from the mouth of the Chicago River. A drawing showing a parkway and driveway extending from the city to Jackson Park went to the Commercial Club twelve or thirteen years ago. When that drawing was made, Ellsworth asked me to bring it to his house. He gave a little dinner. George Pullman took fire at once and said he would give up the riparian rights to his property along the lake. There was not a man present who was not more or less overcome by the presentation of the lake park scheme. Armour, Field and others said the thing ought to be done. Armour went further and said that some day it would be done. While I was in the Philippines, Jules Guerin was out here doing some rendering for us, and Ernest Graham had him do that (pointing to the sketch now hanging over the bookcase in his office) view of the lake-front. About two years after I returned Charles Norton came in to suggest that the Merchants' Club take up in earnest a plan for Chicago. We did not start with the lake front, but with the road connecting the different suburban towns with the city, a subject Charles Thorne had made his own. Then the Commercial Club and the Merchants' Club were merged to promote the plan.

Since taking hold of this project we have found the same spirit that carried through the World's Fair. It is marked, persuasive; it permeates everywhere. All are interested and each is ready to bear his part. The men are different; the spirit is the same.

THE STUDIO-HOME OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT



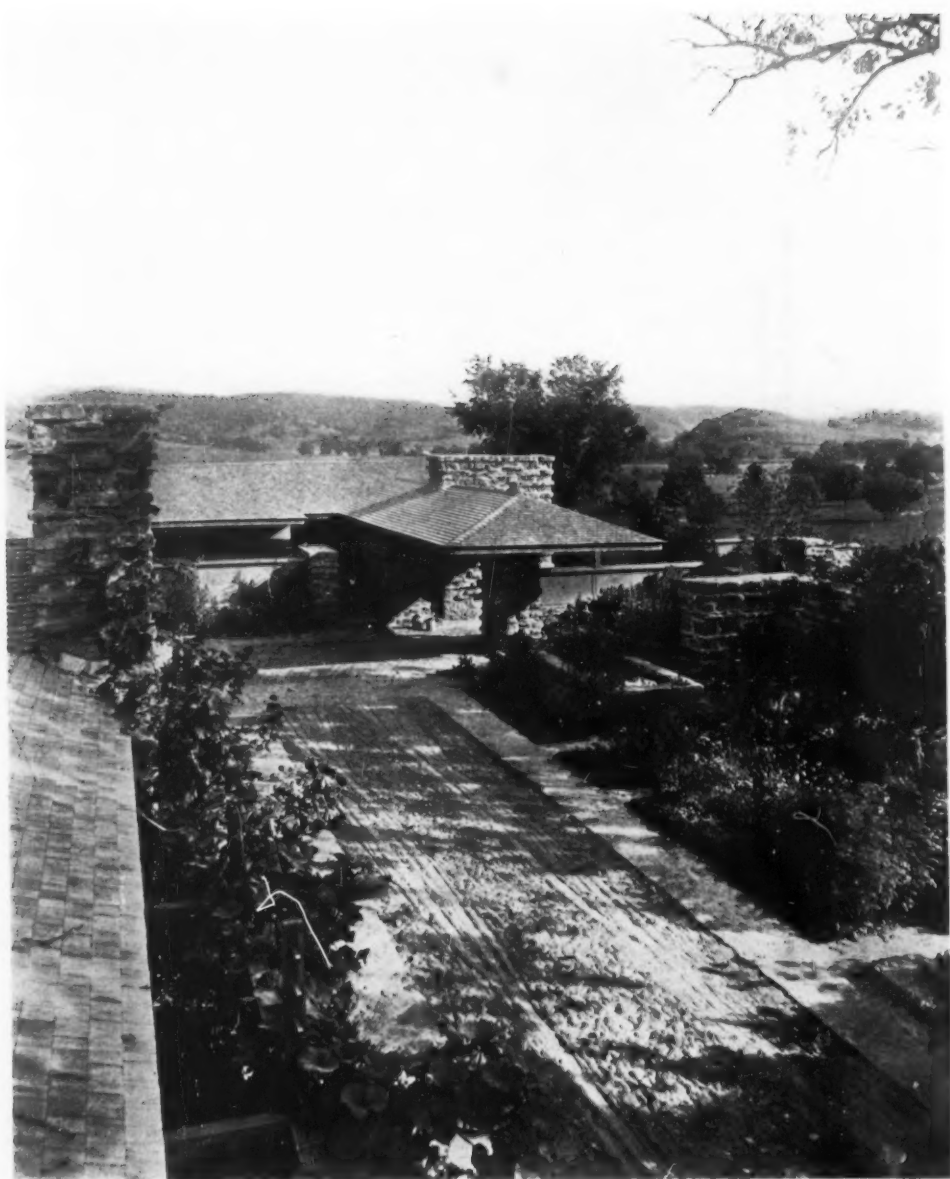
♫ COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



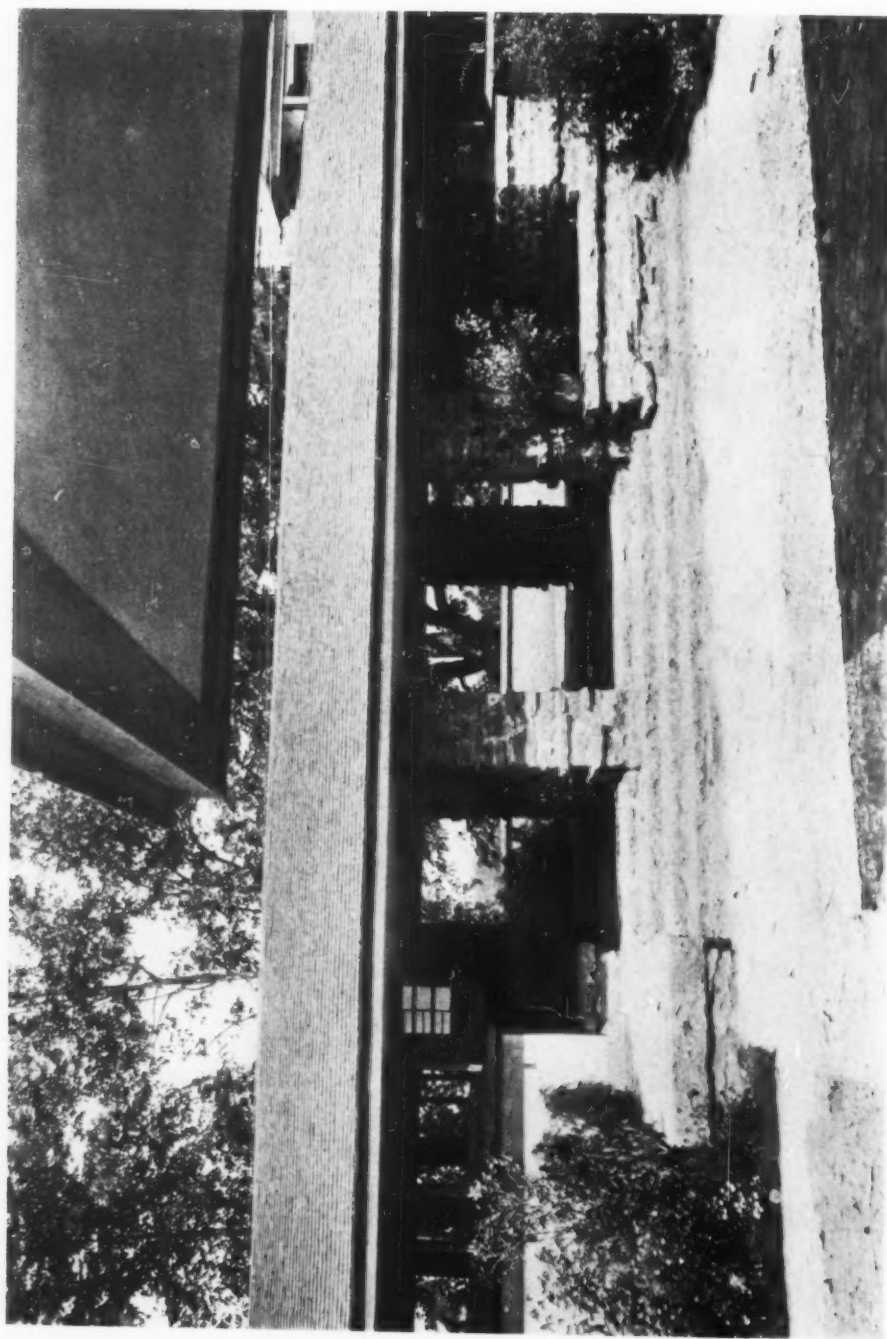
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FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



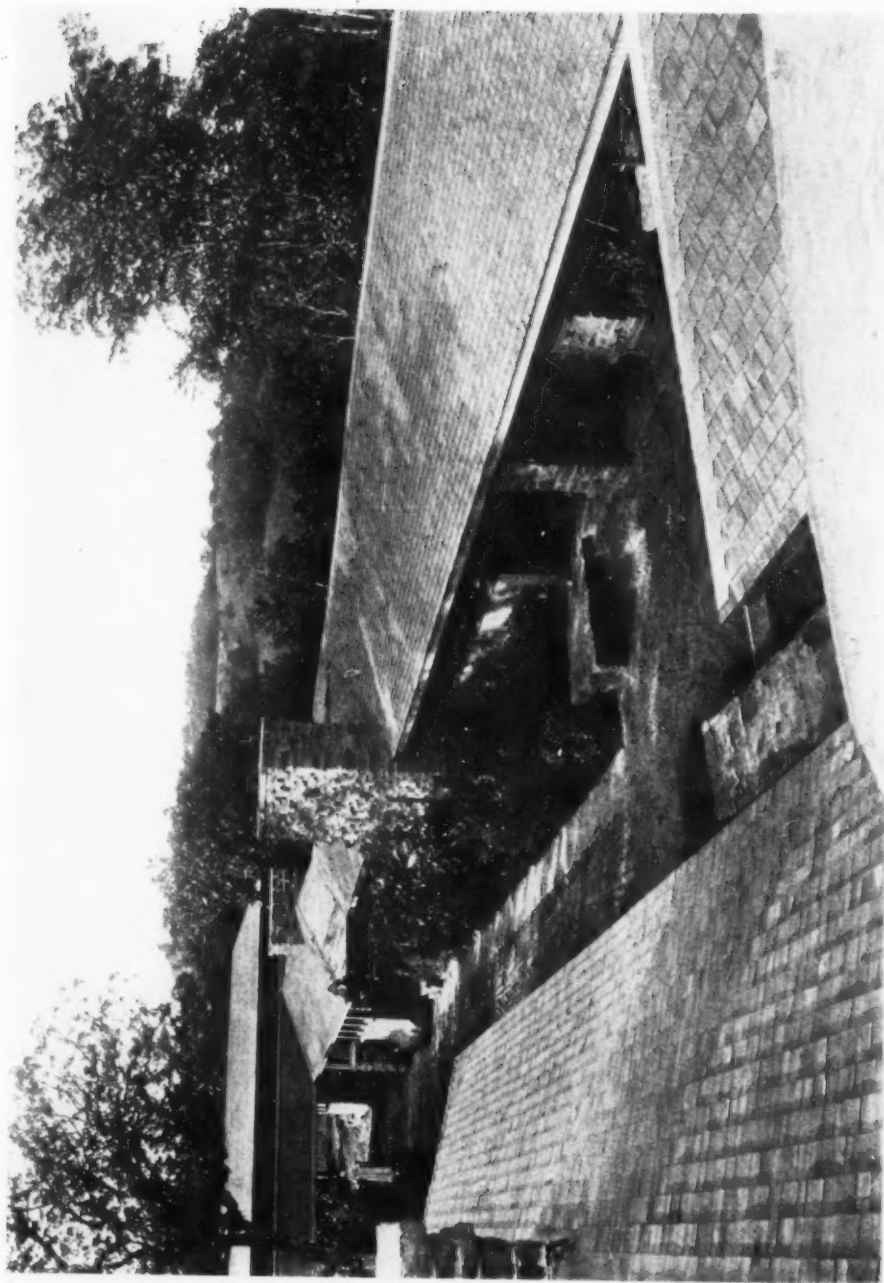
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FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. ARCHITECT.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD
WRIGHT, WISCONSIN. PORCH DETAIL.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



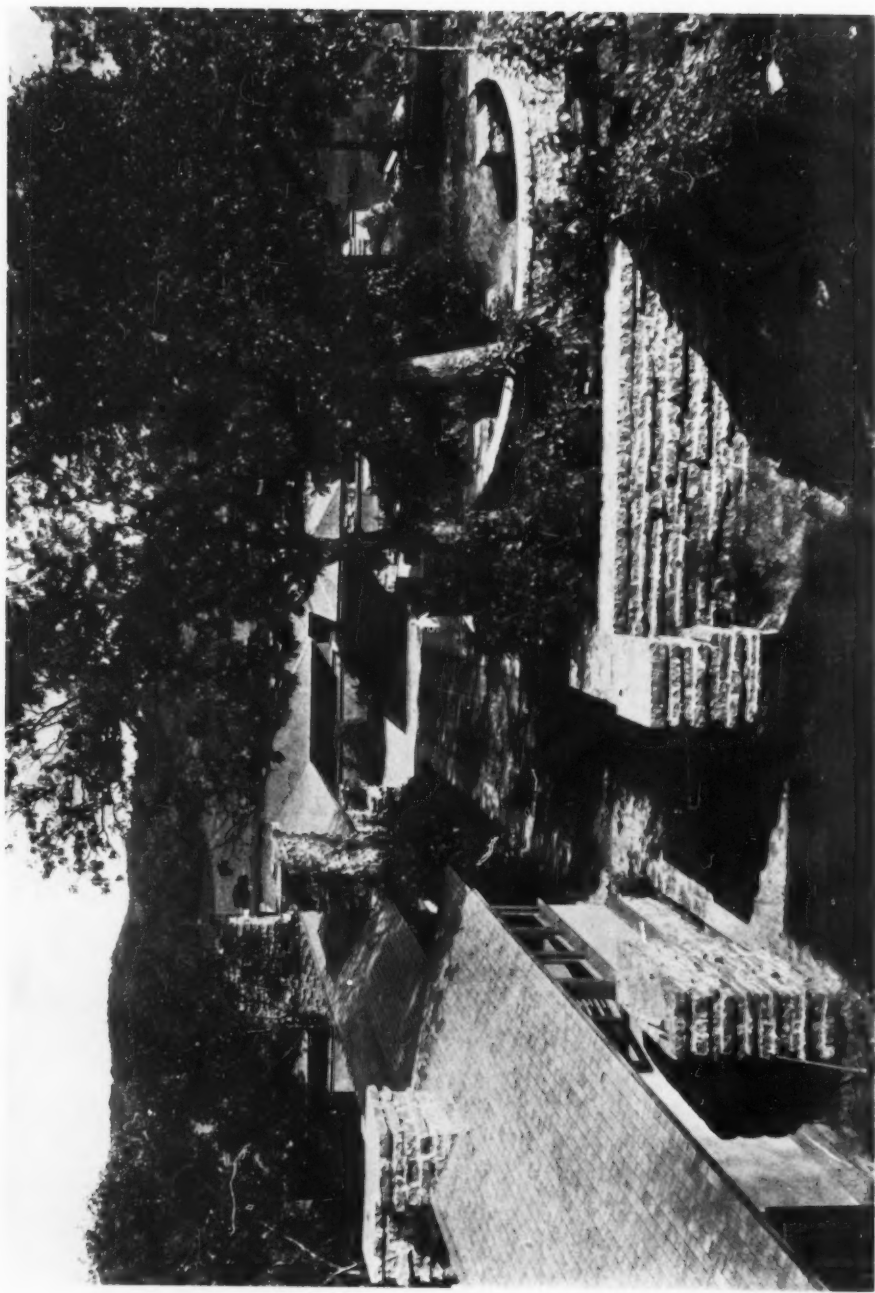
COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
ALONG THE ROOFS. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN. DETAIL OF MASONRY.
Frank Lloyd Wright, Architect.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
Frank Lloyd Wright, Architect.



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, WISCONSIN.
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



Doorways of an : ~ : Old Whaling Village

By Grace Norton Rosé ~
Drawings by Jack Manley Rosé

THE SWEEP OF THE FREE WIND down its tidy streets, the clean, strong scent of the sea on its doorsteps, and within, the contentment of lives whose wants are attuned to the science of doing without, mark the homes of this austere little seacoast town from the shaded deep-gar-dened mansions of its inland sisters.

Prosperity came quickly to Edgartown and left it as rapidly, when whaling ceased, on the advent of kerosene, to yield its hard-earned profits. And now the heirs of those bluff old captains reap only the leavings of hasty speculation or poor investment. To their children, the crumbling warehouses and old wharves, the large square homes, with their doorways, bring not the faintest memory of the fine old company of sailing-masters of past affluence, or any of the happy bustle of those years when the little town lived in the annals of the times.

In those days, after a successful year's cruise, an incoming whaler would bring letters from some sea captain, still in the frozen north, giving orders to local builders for a large new house. Square, like those of his neighbors, the house must be, with a "Captain's Walk" on the roof for the household to watch for the first sight of the returning ship, after all the weary years of waiting. The house must lie close to the brick sidewalk, and slightly at an angle, so that one could command a more extensive view down the village street. The rooms must be square, and one for each corner: the spacious north, south, east, west chambers of our grandmothers. Big timbered, the houses stand, defying the sea gales that howl about them: originally white-painted clapboards, or shingles, with dark green blinds, but suffering, in the last score of years, from a painful epidemic of choco-

late-color and salmon-pink. That epoch is also marked by the acquisition of the hideous furniture then fashionable, and many modern housewives in the village rue the time when their mothers sold their rare old mahogany pieces to the then casual summer visitor, albeit it lightened a load of debt or purchased a much needed labor-saving device.

To write of the people themselves, one must have such an intimate knowledge of their daily lives as can be gained only by friendship and close association, but their doorways are there for all to see, and though one never crosses the threshold save as a stranger, welcomed with dignified hospitality, one at least can enjoy the beautiful simplicity of these entrances.

The growth of popular good taste of late years has brought back to the little town a somewhat tardy appreciation of its beauties, stimulated, doubtless, by the enthusiasm of the summer colony and the circulation of current magazines. And there are those remote souls in whom the fire of old tradition and pride of possession has never been allowed to flicker and fail, whose dooryards and doorways present the self-same aspect of sedate usage and nice adherence to the taste of their fathers. Here, you may be sure, the devastating tread of the younger generation, reared in less strict schooling, hard pressed by poverty to less dignified callings, and without the broader scope of their forebears, has rarely been felt. These doorways guard the sheltered lives of now ageing women, administering their meagre incomes with a cheerful consideration of their duty towards their neighbor.

Here and there a house and its familiar doorway has passed into gracious hands of a stranger "from away," where it has

suffered no ill treatment, but seems rather to beam placidly at its fresh white paint and well ordered flower garden. But alas, for those whose late owners possessed neither a gracious hand nor a well trained mind, whose herring-boned paths have been replaced by concrete ones, whose quaint white fences or old box hedges have given way to a passion for ugly modern cement blocks or something still more fantastic.

The wise old property holders of those past days planted sturdy elms and silver-leaved poplars along the village streets, and, though neglected and thought little of by the following generation and their children, they have thriven to be the pride of the present townspeople. Women's culture clubs and a Village Improvement Society have now wrought order out of chaos and after-the-war shiftlessness has changed to civic pride, properly manifested in almost painfully tidy dooryards and annual house painting. If one can forget the years of poverty and decay that stand between the fine old past and the present, when these same doorways stood closed and deserted, while the "backdoor" served as a means of ingress and egress: if one can forget, and now watch them, one by one, open to the gentle influence of years of easier living; one can almost imagine that they stood always thus, brave in their shining paint and glistening brass knockers or silver name-plates. One knows the self-same interlacing of shadows of pale bare boughs in winter, and flickering splashes of light and shade in summer, lay softly across their façades; but one scarcely realizes the blistering paint, the ugly storm doors nailed securely, the rotting doorsteps, and untidy choked growth of the dooryard that those years endured. It was not the ripening of an age that was mellow and endearing, but dire neglect bred of poverty and indifference.

So now, if you enter the little town and go down its quiet narrow streets, scarcely a doorway that is beautiful but what will know it and tell you so. You will not have to search them out, the village abounds in them. They are at last its pride and glory. In the tender misty spring that comes late to the

island, and lasts so wondrously long, awakens the new-found civic pride; and all about the streets are signs of life and spring housecleaning indoors and out. Crimson ramblers are trimmed and trained back on whitewashed trellises, the favorite shrubs are dug about, the doorsteps touched up again, and housewives consult over the painted fences about gay flowers for their tiny front yards. Along the waterfront, the street that runs parallel to the harbor, where the old houses face so sturdily the wild sea gales and cling so closely together for good company's sake, you will note that each fronts the streets at an angle overlapping the other. In the long winter months, when there was naught but waiting among the women, and indoor tasks held them bound, a glimpse down the street to watch if anyone chanced to be abroad afforded them a certain pleasure not to be denied. Then if the adventurous one halted at their doorstep, what joy to speed through the front entry, swing open the heavy door, bidding him welcome, and hastily shutting out the cold and the gale behind him!

The oldest doorway of all adorns a plain square house on this beautiful street and faces the blue harbor. Its rare simplicity has never even been "restored," nor is its knocker a later acquisition. Even its unpainted doorstep has been replaced from time to time with the same thick rough-finished boards, silvery in the sea air to a soft old gray. The beautiful ellipsoidal curve and its keystone above the delicate fan are distinctly charming, with an absolute completeness at once satisfying and pleasing.

Up the Lane one finds another, not so beautiful perhaps, but splendidly restrained in its lines. Here also one notes the fan-shaped transom that Massachusetts has made so familiar to us. The brick path, sunken in places, and moss grown, is the self-same path of nearly a hundred years ago.

If we keep to the Lane, and walk back towards the shore, a large corner house attracts us, and a glance here at this doorway may be worth while, though an older house half way down the side street holds a sweet allure in its shabbiness.



AN EDGARTOWN DOORWAY.

But the mouldings are here so exquisite, so delicately cut, and casting such rarely proportioned shadows! The pilasters have an unusual treatment of diamond lattice. The paneled doubled doors, and quaintly divided transom panes above, are interesting and unique in the village, but the knocker recently added sounds a false note in its one-sided effect.

Once more on Water street, not far from where the Lane has its end, we find a sombre house, which fronts the street squarely and nearly filling up its property frontage, gives hardly a hint of its garden and orchard running to the very water's edge. This doorway and portico has a certain solid dignity, albeit it may seem a trifle heavy and solemn, and the battlement effect on the roof of the porch scarcely commendable. The leaded lights either side of the door carry out a design much used in this type of Edgartown house years ago. The Doric columns are perhaps the most interesting feature of this example.

More pleasing, indeed, is a portico at the other end of Water street; "Down Neck," as it is called. The seats, we think, were added in later years, as they have the appearance of hasty, inexpensive construction out of keeping with the splendidly simple pediment treatment, the pilasters, and the careful mouldings. Here the old foot scrapers are set into the stone steps. The blind doors date back to a day when summer flies and mosquitoes were unthought of in Edgartown.

Doorway after doorway you pass them by, neat, simple, dignified, but closed and quiet. Not even in the late afternoons nor the long evenings of summer will you find these porches gay with folk. This is New England. Why should they sit brazenly on the porch; their neighbors had never done so? It is well enough for summer people who have wide sheltered piazzas, screened and secluded, to do so if they wish, but the natives stay within. Behind bowed blinds in the dusk one may glimpse a serene figure rocking slowly, and noting with interest each passerby; but never could they by any chance sit full in the glare of the public eye, nor consciously embarrass

their neighbors by their regardful presence. Some day, perhaps, these forbidding doors may open and all the inmates of each house show themselves to the idle spectator, but when that day dawns the New England temperament will be no more!

In them is none of the spirit of the one time camp-meeting town scarce six miles away. A town, deserted almost in winter, of gingerbread architecture, whose ugly little cottages bearing weird cognomens stand cheek by jowl, their whole cheap façades open wide to the vulgar gaze. The domestic arrangements, the family quarrels, so obvious, so forced upon one. Here, too, may reign great love, noble sacrifice and sweet peace, but we cannot be judged too severely for our want of sympathetic understanding if we turn sadly away. That anything so architecturally ugly, so removed from any redeeming quality, should exist in a place so fair, on an island so rarely beautiful!

As you lounge about the streets you are quite enthralled by the myriad interesting entrances. Some so quaintly simple that at first you may have passed them carelessly by, wondering that no more thought or expression had been expended upon so important a thing architecturally as a house doorway. These are chiefly found on the low-eaved unpretentious houses of the back streets, and are scarcely more than a flat stone and a plain lintel with a row of little square panes above the heavy door. It occurs to you that their very severity is directly in keeping with the house they adorn, and you gaze again until their contented homeliness quite satisfies you. Even the more pretentious ones scarcely have the intimate charm of these, the homes of the humbler seamen.

Today the history of the building of Edgartown is forgotten lore. A never written chronicle that died with its makers. Lucky is he who stumbles upon some half remembered bit treasured in the active mind of one of the descendants of the old builders. If one consciously seeks for information the paucity will astound and the few conflicting tales bewilder. That the old master carpenters were also shipbuilders is well



"THE OLDEST DOORWAY OF ALL
FACES THE BLUE HARBOR."

known, that they knew their trade is unmistakable, and that their names are obscure save in the limits of their little town is unquestionable. Doubtless they, too, like many other builders of their time, owe much of their skill in doorways to Benjamin's "*Country Carpenters' Assistant*," and their huge-timbered house framing to their boatbuilding apprenticeship. For the massive joists and heavy timbers used in the past, and only slightly modified in the present, would somewhat astonish a suburban builder. The lumber is still shipped direct from Maine, and mill work is unknown, for everything except doors and window sash are made *in situ*.

Edgartown's churches bespeak a prosperous time, and their roomy entrances and exits impress us with the religious principles of the seafaring public of the time. One old church of true Colonial construction, rearing a shapely white spire over the elms, boasts entrances of unusual beauty quite in keeping with the fan windows and delicate belfry treatment. The handling of the doorway pediments is carried out consistently on the façade above, and the salient characteristics of the whole piece of architecture are grave simplicity and Puritan dignity.

This church in old annals is called The Fifth Meeting House, and was erected in 1828, just before the death of Parson Thaxter, who was so active in the history of the town. The First Meeting House, established in 1642, stood on the outskirts of the present town, and was a low log building with a dull red roof, and a doorway more useful than ornamental. It was built chiefly for the edification of the Indians. The burial ground still marks its site, and the staggering tombstones tell briefly many a tale of life lived before 1700. The inscriptions, clearly cut on pure white marble and reddish-brown stone, are as legible today as ever they were.

The other churches of the town boast none of the grace of this Fifth Meeting House. The Anabaptist, organized at a later date, has a rather impressive tall-pillared portico, but it is crowned with so squat and uninteresting a tower, square-shaped and battlemented, as to detract

enormously from the architectural value of the whole. The edifice erected by the Methodist Episcopalians, also a monument to the churchly devotion of an earlier generation, is impressive chiefly through its massivity. The severely plain six-pillared porch, stone-paved and austere, looms hugely upward, supporting an entablature and pediment of good proportion but without enrichment. Perhaps the less said of this church tower the better, albeit it holds the Town Clock, by which authority Edgartown retires and rises. And, sad to relate, the whole is painted a dingy neutral or cold gray color, only relieved, but scarcely embellished, by a shingle roof weathered to a soft silver.

In the days of the First Meeting House the prevailing architecture of the town conformed to the material at hand, and log cabins of elemental construction furnished the homes of the village. Their mud-plastered sides were surmounted with roofs of thatch, and we find on record that common thatch lots of salt hay were used as late as 1680. Chimneys built of mud with straw bond are mentioned as early as 1659, but peat took the place of wood as fuel at a much later date. After carpenters were added to the community shingles were split and hewn out of logs and fastened on with wooden pegs. Later hand wrought nails and iron hardware, painstakingly hammered out at the village smithy, were used in construction. Two doors and their identical iron hinges and latches, of the house of Governor Mayhew, standing no longer, but only lately razed to make room for a more modern cottage, adorn the studio of a keen appreciator of Vineyard lore and tradition.

Many other doorways of beauty and some historical value does Edgartown possess. Daniel Webster doubtless paused on the threshold of many a home in the little town to bid farewell to his kindly hosts and hostesses on the occasion of his visit there; and though the inn where he found entertainment is no longer standing, many a doorway has bid him cheery welcome. Every noted guest that Edgartown has known has found all the important doors of the village open to



"THIS DOORWAY HAS A CERTAIN SOLID DIGNITY."



"ONE OLD CHURCH BOASTS
ENTRANCES OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY."



"HERE THE OLD FOOT-SCRAPERS ARE SET INTO STONE STEPS."

him, from the days of His Majesty's officers and servants through the prosperous whaling times to the present, where if the entertainment is simple, it is none the less well meant and sincere. The Home Club on the harbor's edge, once the fine square home of a sea captain, receives into its portals and extends its hospitality towards many a Vineyard visitor. The club is progressive and believes in many coats of paint, nicely distributed through the seasons, and if the color-schemes are a trifle lurid, it is due without a doubt to the personal interest each and every member takes in the freshening up and beautifying of this their social gathering place. Behind these doors the wiseacres of the town discuss and settle in theory many a question pertaining to the welfare of the town and its inhabitants, even as their grandfathers gathered about the Stewart stove with its sandbox foundation, in the back of the general store, and talked of their times past or present. Here at least is an open door, and what a fund of local gossip and weighty opinion the receptive minds may gather and enjoy! And here may be obtained an insight into the lives and purposes of the dwellers behind the old portals.

The glory of Edgartown has departed. No longer is the talk of strange seas and stranger adventure. The stakes have dwindled, courage burns with a less eager flame, and days are now spent under milder skies. Few men are left among the inhabitants who recall the departed prosperity of the town; those days of restless industry, the buzzing wharves and teeming warehouses. The homecoming days, with their distribution of presents, neighborly calls and mild fes-

tivities, woke the village to gladness. The incoming whalers all brought something of interest to each inhabitant, dear ones to some, friends and wealth to many, news to others, and even to the growing boys and girls tales to cheer the winter evenings. Outgoing whalers took fair hopes, tears, and many a lad on his first cruise, fired by these same tales to ship under a neighbor's impartial command. The homecomings these doorways now see, no longer bear the same stamp of drama, nor the farewells the same tragedy. Life has worn more gentle channels; the sea calls its men to nearer waters and milder sport and livelihood.

What is the future to be? Do the coming years presage greater prosperity? Will these fine old homes mellow gradually under thoughtful care and preservation? And will this care be left to the natives themselves, who will justly accept and guard the heritage, or must each and every one of these fair doorways pass into the hands of the growing summer colony, an ever-shifting population who will buy and sell as their interest wanes, having no deeper association with the place than many pleasant seasons passed? Wealth desires water-front homes, and already the demand is growing. Slowly enough, but none the less surely, houses are passing into other hands than the descendants of the original owners. Necessity and the dying of the last of the line have generally forced these sales, and not the greed of mere money getting. Will the new owners, as fashion veers, change the severity of these homes to something more compatible with their ideas of summer comfort and luxury, and so lose to the world these symbols of a simpler and sturdier century?



AN EDGARTOWN DOOR.

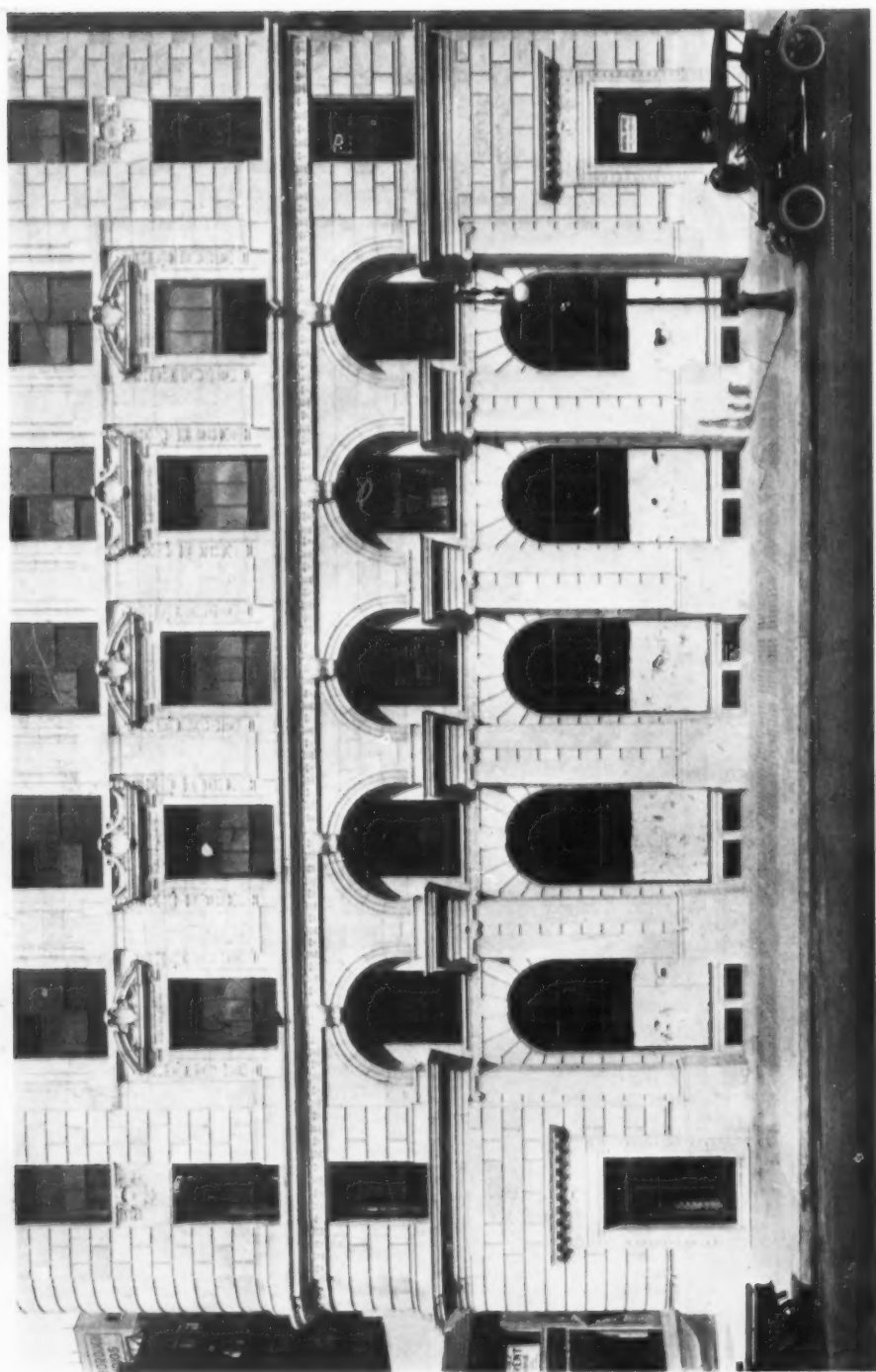


THE BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES RUBBER CO., NEW
YORK CITY. CARRERE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.

PORTFOLIO OF
CURRENT ARCHITECTURE



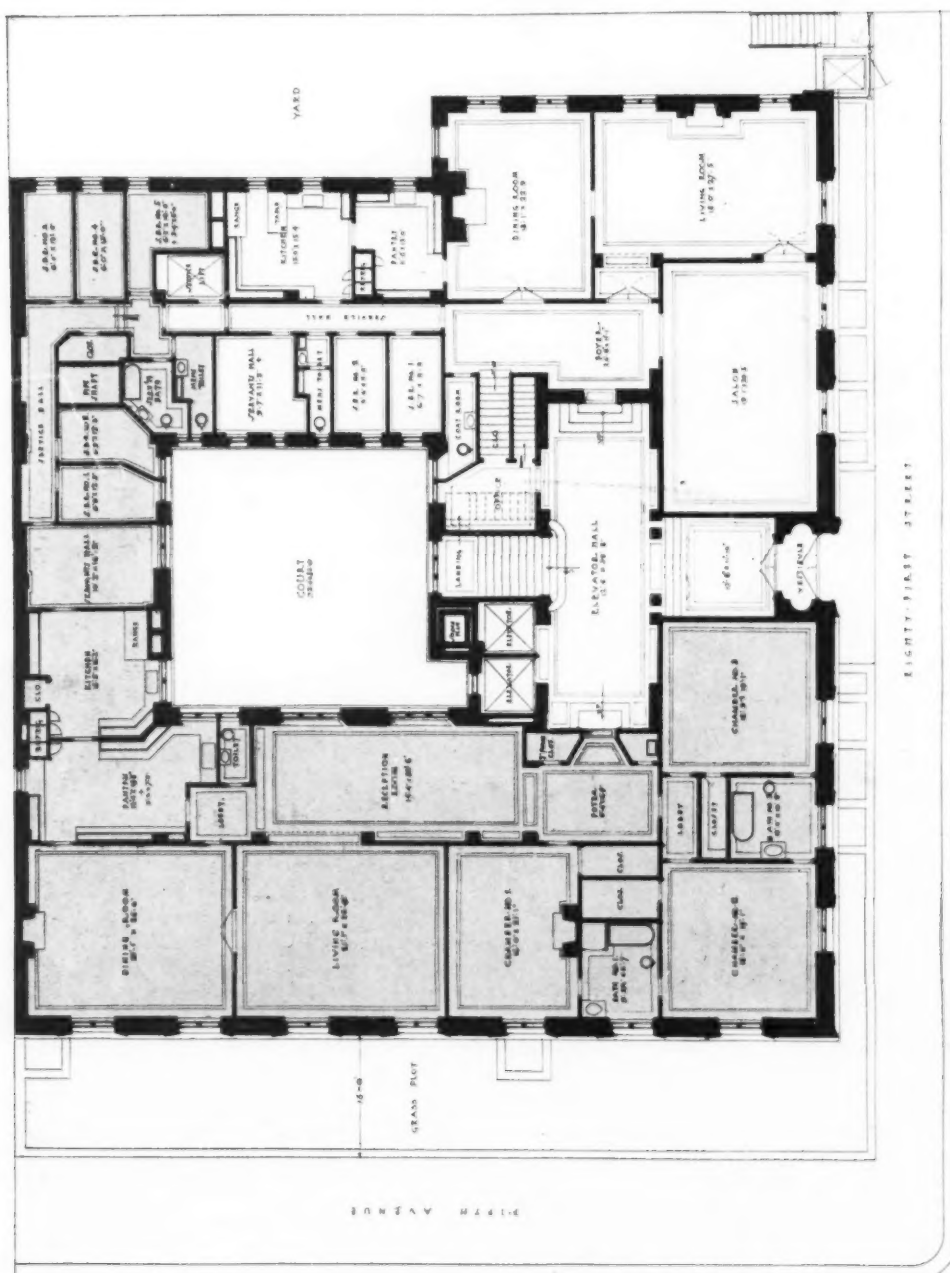
ENTRANCE DETAIL. BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY.
Carrère and Hastings, Architects.



DETAIL—THE BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES RUBBER CO.,
NEW YORK CITY. CARRERE AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.

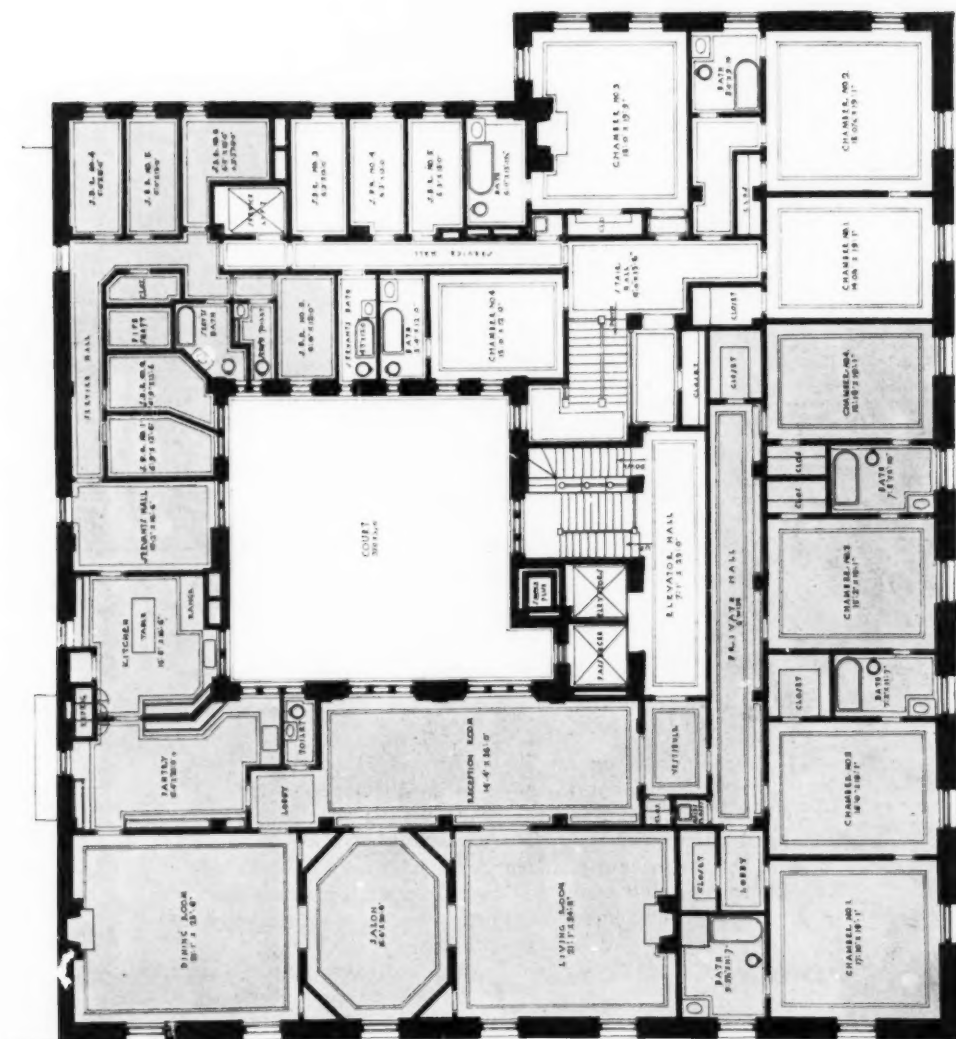


APARTMENT HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND 81ST STREET, NEW
YORK CITY. McKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS.



A TYPICAL SINGLE AND DOUBLE FLOOR APARTMENT PLAN IN THE APARTMENT HOUSE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND 81ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. McKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

NOTE.—The shaded portion represents one complete single-floor apartment; the light portion represents the lower floor of a double-floor apartment. See page facing.



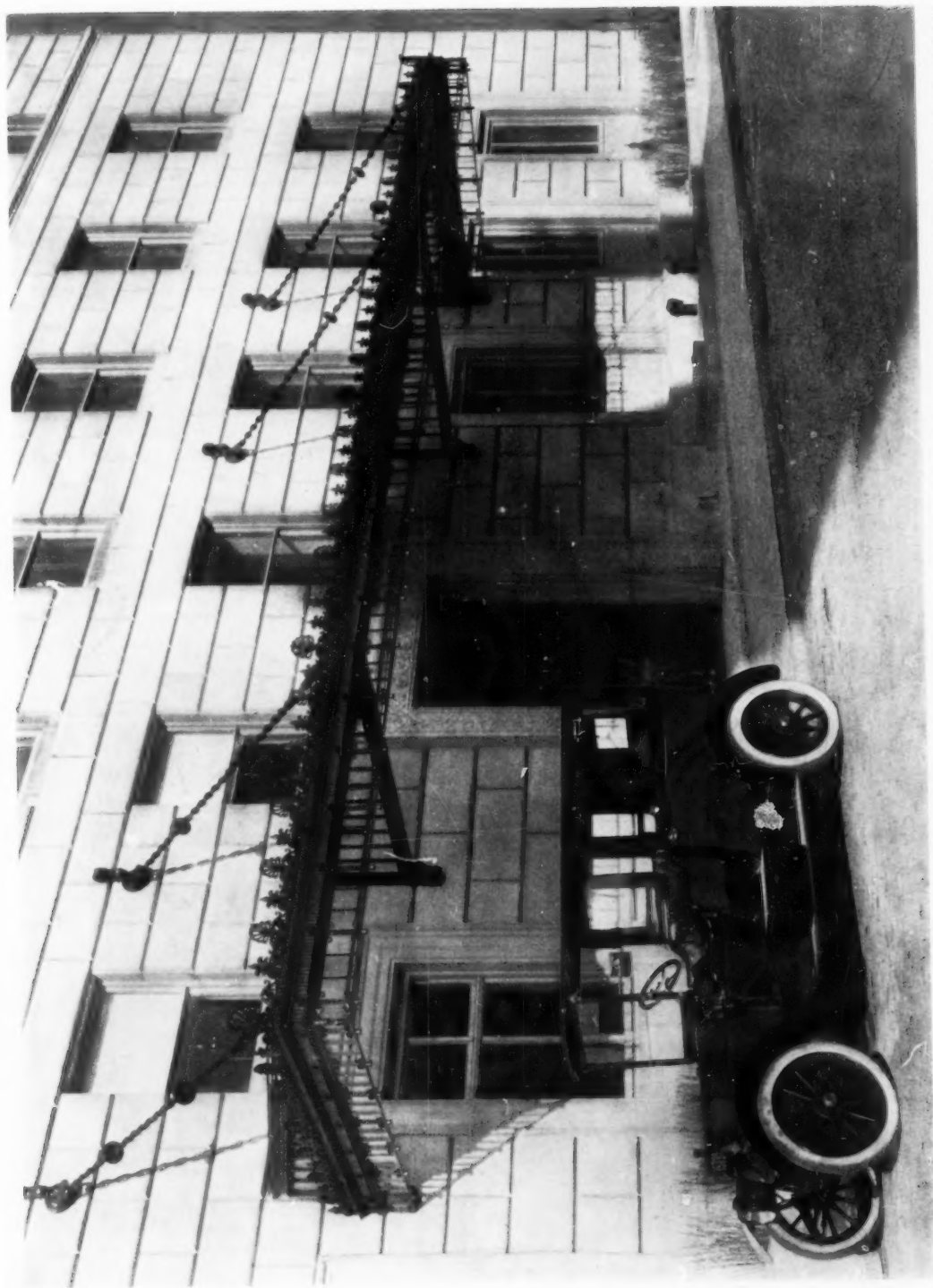
A TYPICAL SINGLE AND DOUBLE FLOOR APARTMENT IN THE APARTMENT HOUSE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND 81ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
McKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

NOTE.—The shaded portion represents one complete single-floor apartment; the light portion representing the upper floor of the double-floor apartment (of which the lower floor appears on the page opposite).



FLOOR PLANS OF A COMPLETE TWO-FLOOR APARTMENT.

In the plans given on Pages 70 and 71 preceding we have two types of apartment—one in which all the rooms are on the same floor, and the other in which the rooms are arranged on two floors, with a private stair, affording every advantage of a private residence. The plans above show another arrangement of a double-floor apartment, which is different from the "duplex" in that no rooms rise to a height corresponding to two floors. In such an arrangement the second floor, devoted to bed-rooms, etc., is a mezzanine. In the type of plan shown here, each apartment is a unit, occupying a large floor space on one floor, or less space and the height of two floors.



✓ ENTRANCE DETAIL—APARTMENT HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND 81ST STREET,
MCKIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS,
NEW YORK CITY.

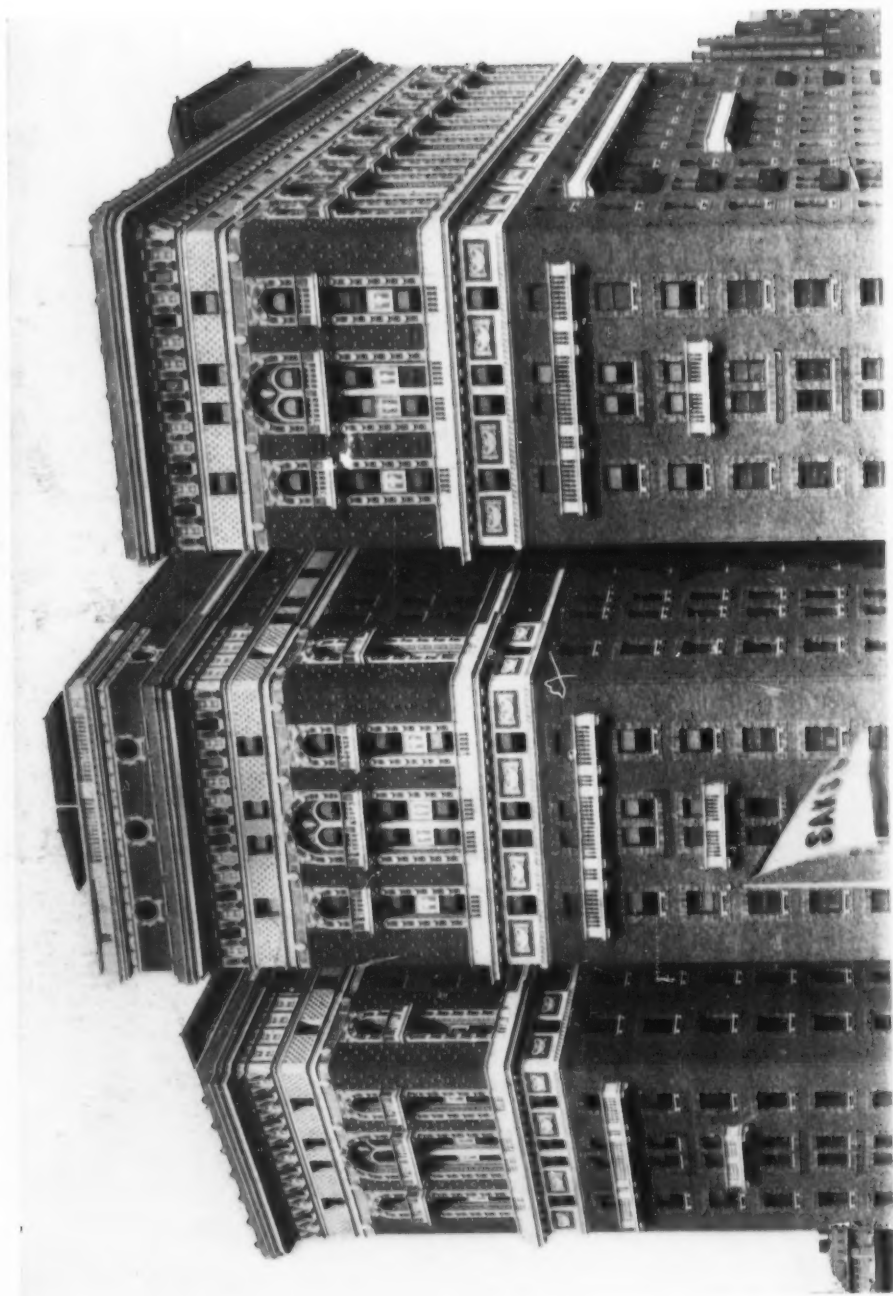


THE EMMETT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. J. STEWART BARNEY AND STOCKTON BEEKMAN COLT, ARCHITECTS.

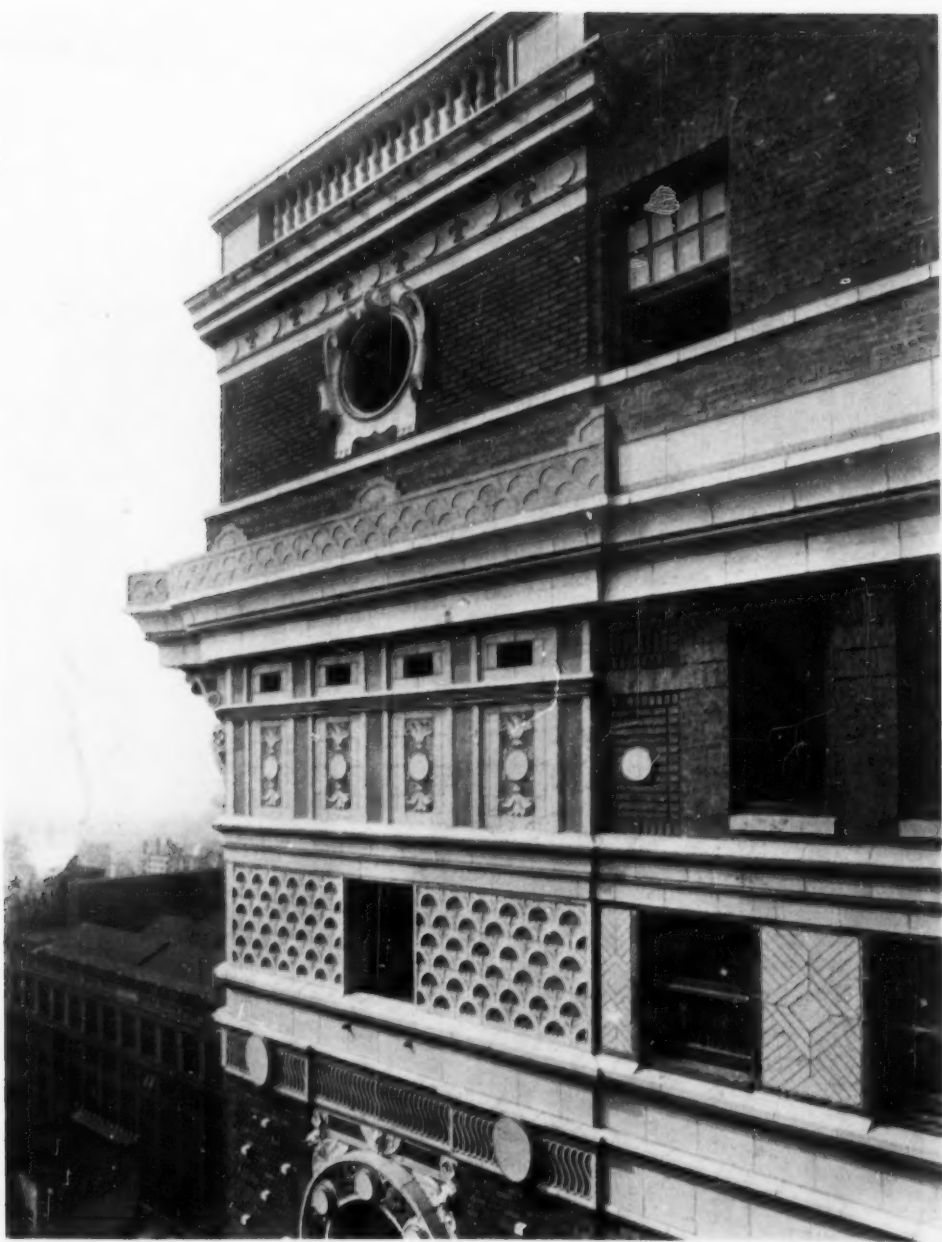
A unique feature of this commercial building is the use of upper floors for owner's residence.



THE McALPIN HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.
F. M. ANDREWS AND CO., ARCHITECTS.



DETAIL OF UPPER STORIES—THE McALPIN HOTEL, NEW
YORK CITY. F. M. ANDREWS AND CO., ARCHITECTS.



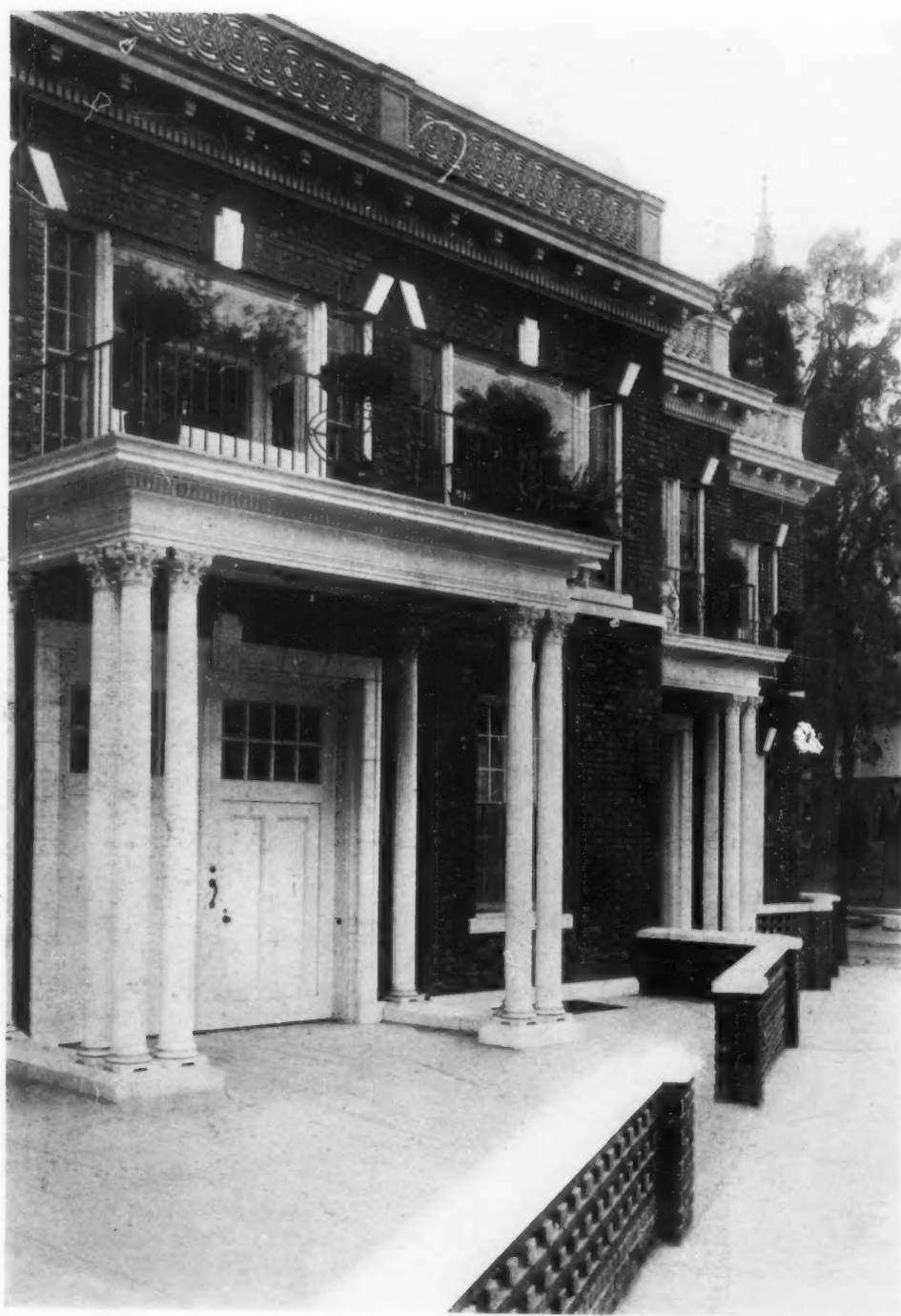
BRICK AND TERRA COTTA DETAIL--THE McALPIN HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY. F. M. ANDREWS AND CO., ARCHITECTS.



BRICK AND TERRA COTTA DETAIL—THE McALPIN HOTEL,
NEW YORK CITY. F. M. ANDREWS AND CO., ARCHITECTS.



DENTAL OFFICES, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
SKINNER AND WALKER, ARCHITECTS.



DETAIL—DENTAL OFFICES, BRIDGEPORT,
CONN. SKINNER AND WALKER. ARCHS.



ENTRANCE DETAIL—DENTAL OFFICES, BRIDGE-
PORT, CONN. SKINNER AND WALKER, ARCHS.

DO ARCHITECTS READ?

A GROUP OF INTERVIEWS

BY SAMUEL HOWE



PART II.

The group includes the opinion of Messrs. Ralph Adams Cram, William L. Price, John M. Howells, Walter Cook, Henry Hornbostel, Charles W. Stoughton, Benjamin W. Morris, Bertram G. Goodhue, Professor Hamlin, Breck Trowbridge, Donn Barber and others.

CONTINUING the presentation of the subject in the former issue, it may be of interest to note that when, some six months ago, I undertook of my own volition to secure the opinion of architects relative to the charge that they were non-readers, I failed to realize how serious a business it would be. It promised to be an interesting excursion into the busy life of the man in general practice, a stimulating challenge, but it soon became a serious affair. For a time it even threatened to become something of a tragedy. Mr. Hewlett said architects were reluctant to talk about themselves.

A publisher had said, "architects don't read," voicing it so defiantly that there seemed nothing else for it. "Architects don't care" is doubtless what he really meant. His contention being that they were picture-lovers, ignoring the printed word, delighting in the frequent presentation of their own ideas and ideals, and concerned with little else. Callous of criticism, indifference to description however timely and informing, too occupied or too indolent to examine further.

This audacity led me to seek for a response worthy of the occasion, not that the opinion held and expressed so vexatiously was worthy a reply for its own sake, but I felt sure that he spoke for others who might unconsciously be misinformed and that here was a chance to set them right, and to let the non-reading student learn what the "big fellow" found of service.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram was naturally among the first to whom I looked for a scholarly reply, not simply be-

cause of his exalted position as Church Architect and Author, nor because of the gracious homage to ancient precedent, tradition and symbolism which is so frankly acknowledged by his designs wherever we look, but because with it all he exhibited so broad and liberal, so stimulating and encouraging an ideal with which to influence the life of the architect. And I remembered that the Bishop of New York said during the last few weeks addressing the S. Andrew's Brotherhood, "If you want anything done—find a busy man and he'll make time to help you."

"After having read over what has been said on the question: 'Do Architects Read?' I find very little that I can say except in the line of repetition. With a few minor exceptions I should be disposed to indorse in detail everything that Mr. Arnold Brunner has said, and much that you have quoted from all the others you have interviewed. All these demonstrate pretty convincingly that the question itself was in a way a gratuitous one. Architects do read, and probably more wisely and widely than almost any other class of men. They have to. If they are real architects they are expressing through their art, not so much their own personal predilections and their own personality as the essential elements in whatever lies behind the thing they are trying to put into material form. The architect, in the best sense, is the spokesman of society, of the best that is in society, not the worst, and he can't possibly discharge this duty unless he is intimately familiar, not alone with contemporary life, but with all the important

tendencies or accomplishments that are its foundation.

"Of course, for my own part, I read all the time, or rather every minute of time I can get from office duties and social obligations. There are some books I read every year, whatever happens; for example, Stevenson's 'Treasure Island,' Chesterton's 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill,' Meredith's 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' and Henry Adams' 'Mt. St. Michel and Chartres.' Of course, I read all the other things. Chesterton's, new and old, for he seems to me about the most clear-sighted and stimulating writer there is at the present time.

"Then there are the modern philosophers that I keep by me constantly. Bergson, first of all, and then Eucken. St. Thomas Aquinas, Hugo of St. Victor, and St. Bernard also furnish good sustenance, and I can always fall back on Browning, Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, particularly Kit Marlowe. Natural science doesn't interest me at all, and I seldom read it, except for the purpose of amusing myself over its bland assumption and its more than mediaeval dogmatism. Of course, I read everything I get hold of on mediaeval history, literature, art and religion. I have to read Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, not because I agree with them, for I don't, but because they represent so clearly most of the tendencies in modern civilization to which I am violently opposed, particularly Mr. Wells, and I like to know what I am fighting against. As a matter of fact, this particular author, apart from his constructive theories, is an enormously useful man, since in 'Ann Veronica,' 'The New Macchiavelli' and 'Tono Bungay' he gives the best possible showing of the weaknesses and follies and general abominations that are so intimately mixed up with what we are pleased to call contemporary civilization.

"Novels I read almost not at all, unless you can call Stevenson and Kipling novelists. I find practically nothing in the American illustrated magazines that I care about, as they seem at present to

be devoted pretty exclusively to fiction and 'travellogues.' There is a good deal in the *Atlantic* that I enjoy, and *Current Literature*, in spite of the fact that it is wedded to the most beastly system of spelling devised by man, is invaluable as an indication of what is being read everywhere. Some of the English quarterlies and reviews are also useful, particularly the *Hibbard Journal* and the *Contemporary*."

Recalling with delight the quality and importance with which one modern philosopher of the City of Brotherly Love always accorded problems of daily life, I was grateful for the response from Mr. Willitt L. Price, whose quiet banter and gentle railery is refreshing. He writes:

"In regard to my reading and its relation to architecture, I have, of course, read many architectural books and articles. I have pawed over in writings, in pictures, and in travel much of the scrap heap of the past. I have, as most young men do, hoped to take up the tools of the mediaeval and Renaissance craftsmen, and I have, I hope, absorbed something of their knowledge and spirit. But I feel that architectural history is much like other history which, as Mr. Dooley says, is a kind of post mortem examination. It tells what architecture died of and, like Dooley, 'I want to hear what a country lived of, and not phwat it died of.'

"If the writers on architecture would or could tell us rather why the men of the past did things than what they did, it would help more.

"As it is, I do not find myself reading much archaeology. I read a thousand words of the architecture of the present to one of the past, for all vital literature and even news of to-day has to do with the architecture of to-day if it is to be real live architecture.

"I read novels and plays. I read scientific discourses of the daily achievement of living men. I draw inspiration from their strength and warning from their weaknesses.

"I conceive it to be the business of an architect to crystallize the thoughts and habits of his own day into whatever

forms of usefulness and beauty lies in crudities, refined as may be by passing him and in them, to express even their through his intuitions. I do not believe it to be his business to consciously build up monuments to himself or to the glory of the past.

"If there is one book of the day that I should recommend to my brother architects, it is 'Bergson's Creative Evolution.' If they can grasp its message and profound truths, and if they are not overlaid and bound by accepted forms, then we may hope for an American Renaissance, which is not a grave robbing resurrection."

Mr. James Gamble Rogers says: "We don't read enough; that's the trouble of it. And in our work we are too anxious to be novel, *to be original* instead of devoting our attention conscientiously to find the best possible solution of the problem. I think we are at times unappreciative of the true importance of cultivated unprofessional opinion either expressed verbally or written. It is not wise to depend wholly upon what our brethren tell us. The architect's criticism, by virtue of the training, is too apt to follow the viewpoint that has already been covered by the designer, whereas the intelligent man of the world thinks in a different line and is often quick to grasp the essentials suggesting a thought entirely different from that held by the architect. Stimulated and equipped from innumerable sources he is superbly qualified to make his own estimate and express it in his own language.

"You ask as to the influence of reading upon the student of the Beaux Arts. There isn't enough of it; that is why in many ways I feel it desirable for a student to extend his studies to the National Academy in Rome, as the successful students usually do. There he has both encouragement and time for reading."

Mr. John M. Howells, the son of the distinguished dean of American literature replies to the interrogation:

"If this question means general reading—an individual cannot answer for his class—it is not more possible to say whether all architects read, than all

statesmen or all locomotive engineers. But I suppose the question really is whether architects read the current architectural reviews. At least it is the question in this form that I have at times discussed with editors.

"I am afraid my answer must be no, and my reason is the practical impossibility of doing so given the conditions of pressure under which the American architect works. By this I mean that it would be impossible to read the letter press in from one to six such reviews regularly; such matter certainly gets read, but 'without intention,' because one happens to have it in the railroad train. Though this is an unfair and slighting return to the editor who has tried to create an interesting series of critics or a department dealing with some particular work. Conditions of architectural practice vary somewhat in the different American cities and this is due to the difference of pressure under which the architect works. My only experience is of a New York practice, where perhaps the pressure is as great as anywhere.

"This pressure diminished to what seems to us an absurdity in certain European cities. Not long ago I received a card from an old friend practicing in Paris. This man had been energetic and successful in the national school fifteen years before, but his office hours as recorded on his engraved card today, read, 'Thursdays from 9 to 11.' One can imagine an American client who might take a fancy on a Friday to begin a building project, being told that his architect could see him the following Thursday! Such an architect may read, but I fear the American architect in practice reads little or not at all.

"But does anyone read today? Certainly very few, compared with the general habit of reading of, for instance, the Victorian times. Articles or serials by authors in the public eye, manage to snatch a precarious public, using as a catspaw our monthly magazine—this public being largely our women.

"Beyond this what?

"How many of us even know of the epoch making publication now being started in America with the moneys of

a 'certain rich man'—a vast, and some day to be complete set set of English versions of all the great ancient classics, some never before translated, and undertaking unheard of in size and importance.

"Will many architects read them? I think not. Who will? I don't know."

I was so fortunate as to be received by the distinguished and worthy president of the American Institute of Architects, Mr. Walter Cook. He spoke very quietly.

"As I was saying the other day this is an age of undue specialization. Reading doubtless does much to increase the mental horizon of the architect by broadening his interest and extending his knowledge to a far wider and ever-increasing area. For instance and as an illustration comparing him with other workers in kindred endeavors, I remember how it was at the Beaux Art school years ago when many of the students there visited the concerts and lectures on music. The question then engrossing Paris was—Wagner, Wagner the iconoclast, dazzling with his brilliancy. 'Was this man a genius? The city was wild. Students crowded the halls. You see Wagner was the first musician to search in a book of philosophy for inspiration to bring music to the very soul of man. The audience would contain ten architects to three or four painters and sculptors, or in this proportion. There were doubtless, and for that matter continue to be, more architects interested in painting and sculpture than there are men of the latter art skilled and inspired by architectural knowledge and interest.

"And this specialization leads to such questions as this: 'What are you?' 'I am a specialist on hospitals.'

"And you? 'Oh, I design apartment houses.'

"And to what do you devote your time and attention? 'I come under the sway of the 'cosey corner cult!' and such like vanities. And so it goes.

"We want all-around men, the times demand it. You remember that Mr. Mabie said a few days ago, 'The province of the twentieth century is neither to produce laughter nor tears, but to make people understand.' I view, there-

fore, with considerable interest any attempt to make the architect broad, scholarly and up-to-date, and equip him for the world. When you ask if he reads, I say yes, more so than does the musician and other artists, and he reads that he may be conscious of the great movements of the world, and that he may not forget that after all he is a man of the world, devoting his energies to serving humanity instead of being as it were merely a tool,—clever, bright, able, as you will, to adapt himself to the ever-varying calls of the different crafts—but still a tool to produce a building."

"Hastening my steps I turn to a man well known for his big work of the modern school, his bridges, monuments, academies, hospitals and other wholesome and inspiring testimonies to the breadth of his service for humanity, Mr. Henry Hornbostel.

"I think it wise to read what all architects and all critics say about the development of buildings, gardens, decorations and sculptures—digest it all, if possible—and with this as a good foundation proceed to go them one better when the opportunity offers," laughingly says Mr. Henry Hornbostel, just returning from one of his weekly visits to Pittsburgh, where he is endeavoring to give tangible shape to one of Mr. Carnegie's dreams and ambitions by building an institute for technical training.

"Of course, the architect should persistently read that which stimulates his imagination and which makes for the broadest appeal. He should absorb the philosophies of the French, study Voltaire's dictionary, the dramas of Moliere and the wonderfully imaginative and poetic writings of Maeterlinck. And by way of diversement he should read general history, geography and science to develop his imagination—not simply the history of architecture—he should undertake the reading of scientific literature which today is so popularly presented in the current magazine. I read with pleasure and profit the Scientific American, its informing articles, everyday subjects, dyes, cotton, rubber, the latest whisper from the world of electricity and the intangible mysteries of chem-

istry. I am immensely interested in the history of Corea, India, Yucatan and the Orient—the wondrous Orient.

To Charles W. Stoughton, deeply engrossed in his ambitious scheme for the Christianizing of the "heathen Chinese" and by an ambitious scheme for the building of a university at Canton, I naturally turned for something of importance. He said: "As more well-bred men enter the profession of architecture more members of the profession may be assumed to be readers—not for shop knowledge, but because they have the love of literature and the habits of scholars; their reading is at once a relaxation and a natural exercise of their customary life, and it takes its part, however unconsciously, in their work as their work reflects their outlook upon life. Reading is a stimulant for any professional man and all men in this pushing materialistic time need a stimulant to counteract the brutishness that is invading the business world. I have to-day bought a copy of the *North American Review* for the article by Le Gallienne on 'Re-reading Walter Pater.'"

Another prominent man (whose name, unfortunately, may not be quoted) said: "To the student of architecture I would say: Read Gaudet, Professor of Theory, Ecole des Beaux Arts, Violet-le-duc; J. F. Blondel, '*De la Distribution des Maisons de Plaisance*,' and, of course, Vitruvius; but do not read to take seriously Art Essays of Ruskin or Whistler. Absorb all that is possible from Fergusson."

How thankful we should be for the publicity of the streets. But for this I might not have had the opportunity of learning just what Mr. Benjamin W. Morris had to say in response to the question. He spoke with considerable feeling, saying:

"I have been most interested of late in the reading of biography of great men like Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, for it is of interest to note how that leads to the understanding of the main idea of composition and shows the direction of the main growth and enables us to cut away the weeds. It is interesting to see how the lives of our own men compare with these worthies. Look, for instance, at the quality of work done by

Mr. Charles A. Platt—how his experience as a landscape painter and etcher, as a designer of scenery, stands him in good stead. Look again at Wren, his prodigious and inventive wit, his triumph with geometry and arithmetic, his taste for elegant literature and fine arts, his inventive faculty, his astronomical instruments, and his fascinating Latin address. Yes, this man as a boy of fourteen was an Oxford scholar; he was a landscape painter familiar with ancient buildings, and his 'Parentalia' notes on Greek and Roman buildings, and his Christianizing of the classical fables of the Signs of the Zodiac are not likely to be forgotten.

"I enjoy reading of Inigo Jones. See the work he did, the picture galleries, theatres, churches he designed and the gardens piazza square, and grottos and porticos for which he is responsible. He was also well-informed in stage entertainments and in the mystery of the masque.

At Worcester College, Oxford, they show you his copy of Palladio (folio edition of 1600), the margins of which are rich with notes, sketches, dates, showing how when Inigo was in Rome he compared the drawings with the ruins. The same volume notes the stairs at Chambord, France, details at Tivoli, at Naples, at Vicenza, so that he carried his Palladio with him and read it earnestly."

Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue has evidently looked into the face of the subject from many sides, perhaps into the very soul, for he says: "The architect must be a gentleman in every sense of the word, a well-read man, an Oxford man were it possible, with Latin and Greek;—articled for two years at any rate, and paving for his indentures." This industrious enthusiast undoubtedly believes in the poetic side of architecture, and in music as the coming means of human expression. He responds heartily to the charm of an old cathedral. I have heard him speak with definite tenderness of the great towers and spires of Chartres, the mighty flying buttresses, the vaulting of the interior, the superb coloring of the stained panes, the sculptures of the

northern porch and the grand composition of the western portals, saying, "And when you have sketched and measured it all, every inch, stone by stone, and photographed it from a distance and in detail you haven't got it, for there still remains an immeasurable, intangible something, intensely moving to the visitor, a fairy story in stone, a sculptured epic, a veritable living drama that illustrates vividly the scenes of an ancient religion with a magic enchantment hard to understand. You remember Dante defines sculpture as 'visible speech.' Yes, and you may read all you can about it and it still it defies you! It is the manifestation of the mind of a man industriously struggling with an idea, for even the most skeptical must admit the intimacy of the building problem in that thought-compelling age."

Although Professor Hamlin's attention is pretty well absorbed in his duties at Columbia University, lecturing and writing on the history of architecture, keeping, as it were, one eye upon the Orient where a vigorous child of his fancy, the Roberts College, is endangered by the competing forces at the Golden Gate; he found time to write as follows:

"Do architects read?" The question is general. No general answer can be given, if by 'reading' is meant habitual, systematic reading or the cultivation of literary and scholarly habits. Some architects read and some do not, just as some play golf and others do not. The reading habit is a question of tastes, aptitudes and opportunity. There are educated architects, half educated architects, and architects, so-called, without any education worthy the name. There are architects whose scanty practice leaves them abundant leisure for reading, which some among them employ to the best advantage; and there are architects whose abundant practice leaves them but scanty leisure or none at all, yet some even among these manage to read a surprising amount of good literature, in spite of their crowding duties.

"The practice of architecture in this country is a strenuous and absorbing occupation; more so, perhaps, than anywhere else, because in general, building

operations are carried on more rapidly here than elsewhere, and the same amount of work, done in less time, exacts of the architect a busier activity than where the work is begun and continued with less feverish haste. Probably the majority among us are not 'reading men' in the higher sense of the term. But the average of education and intelligence among American architects is high and steadily rising, and with it the interest in other reading than the periodical press on the one hand and the purely technical reference literature on the other. If the prevalence of reading is to be gauged by the number of writers among us, the increase has been notable in the last few years. The man who has the taste for reading will make time for reading, if only by improving odd moments and reading by snatches. I have myself thus at different times during trips on the 'elevated' up and down town and occasional half hours, read Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Locke's *On the Human Understanding*, Spencer's *Education*, parts of *Paradise Lost* and of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, besides a number of lighter works—a sufficiently varied pabulum, it must be confessed, but alike profitable and enjoyable. Summer vacations and trips abroad have given opportunity for considerable consumption of books of travel and fiction, both English and French, and from time to time, I have enjoyed making or renewing acquaintance with various classics of English and French literature, both poetry and prose, ranging from Chaucer and Racine to Havells and Pierre Loti, and for keeping up my Latin, on Horace's Odes and Satires. It has all been fragmentary and more or less desultory, but not unprofitable. For my work of teaching and writing I have read 'at' a great many works that I have never read through—I have never read all of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, or of Perot and Chipicz' *Histoire de l'Art l'Antiquité* or of Gaudet's *Théorie*. But one can become well acquainted with such works and derive an immense benefit from them without conning them from cover to cover; and such reading has, I am sure, helped to keep me from deep pedagogic ruts, and from

narrow views and fanatical partisanship as to period and styles and tendencies.

"I am sure the increased cultivation of the reading habit—the reading not merely of books on our own profession, but of the great classics, the poets, the thought-provoking books of our own time as well as of the past, will benefit our profession and our architecture by its broadening and refining influence on the mind and taste. I cannot help thinking that the vitality and sanity of our best modern American architecture is due, at least in part, to the receptive open-mindedness of the architects to the enlightening influences which come in to the mind through reading."

Mr. Breck Trowbridge, President of the Architectural League, led me to the bookcase and pointed to a serious collection of authorities. He said, "These are the volumes that architects read: Gaudet's *'Elements et Théorie de l'Architecture,'* Jules Comte's *'Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts,'* which contains special volumes on composition, tapestry, mosaic, glass. Blondel, which, by the way gives among other information things which we ought not to do, a naïve dissertation on the delicate subject of taste, in which he shows how we have borrowed from the sensations the term 'taste' in architecture to express the judgment we form of things not subject to a certain rule or susceptible of any evident demonstration. This metaphor is the more true as it appears what 'taste' is.

"It is not true to say that architects avoid reading. They must read to get anywhere. Still, it all depends upon the man. He may start out to read, say upon vaulting or decoration—I care not what it is, the subject opens out like a fan, one book leads on to other books, and so it goes. Certainly he must accustom himself to logical and exact reasoning; he must cultivate his taste and natural tendencies by drawing and possibly modelling, which is still but drawing. Gaudet says the architect is a man artistically honest and skillful in construction."

Mr. Walter Burley Griffin, the architect for the new Capital City of Australia, writes from Chicago:

"How architects read at all, rather than what they read, is the important phase of your subject as it appears to one in active practice.

"As a student I tried to lay broad foundations in general reading on which I expected to continue through life, but the demands of immediate interests from the beginning of practice have practically absorbed all opportunities.

"It goes without saying that one must keep in touch with the progress of his profession, up to the day with architecture, to say nothing of landscape architecture. The rapid strides since school days have all but transformed entirely the technical data then at hand. For instance, the theories of physics have been largely worked over in the last fifteen years, reinforced concrete construction has been introduced and developed in that time and plants of Asiatic origin have been supplementing American and supplanting those of Europe as our landscape media.

"To meet these demands, it has seemed necessary to me to keep in touch with practically all periodical literature of the business.

"Next to technical efficiency, the essential necessity, as I look at it, is a man's training as a citizen wherein, granted an initial acquaintance with historic developments of politics and economics, one's usefulness is best furthered by periodical literature whereby he can develop and check his observations and find courage for his principles in studying their diffusion and adaptation in the modern world. It is perhaps more difficult to guide one's course along these lines of current literature of which it is impossible to see even an insignificant fraction of all that is published. Running through newspapers and magazines of the library, club and home tables is all too cursory. The daily newspapers alone are to be looked upon as superficial and the weekly and monthly publications are too apt to be, when serious, narrow and partisan or dominated by concealed motives. Moreover, the newspaper reading, unless consciously and vigorously disciplined, will about consume all the spare time which, with the suburbanite, such as myself, is

confined to the transit periods morning and evening.

"For me the best substitute is Louis F. Post's '*Public*,' published weekly in Chicago, which I have carried in my pocket for thirteen years. '*Current Literature*' and similar reviews are my present chief guide to the intricacies of the field of magazines and books, and these allow time to carry a volume now and then as a substitute for the newspaper on the train. This course has rendered possible perhaps one novel a year and, may be, half a dozen works selected from other fields of literature, an achievement only attainable when my program as outlined is pretty strictly adhered to.

"As to what these selections are, it may be definite enough to class them as related more or less to the program of the principle of democracy in all human activities, whether social, industrial, ethical or esthetic."

Mr. Donn Barber asks:

"What do you understand by reading? Of course you mean the writing that by way of courtesy may be called 'modern literature'." And then, by way of enlivening the occasion by a counter-irritant, he asked in a facetious manner: "What do you think yourself? How does it strike you? Do you read?"

He said: "Of course the architect reads; he reads the signs, demands and opportunities of the times in which he lives and works. He is certainly callous of lay and ill-informed criticism, jealous of professional rights, yet stimulated by suggestion of men worth while. The worth while man gets an audience and holds it."

"What has the French School taught?" I asked. "It has given invaluable lessons in the art of grasping the problem as an entirety, and reading came into the study. Just what I mean is very well shown by the closing words of instruction which were recently given by the senior professor at the school in response to a student returning home. Perhaps thinking there might yet be some secret 'tip,' some talisman reserved to the last moment, he said: 'After spending six years here, part of the time in the school, studying and travelling under

your advice and part of the time working under your personal direction in your office, I am going home. Can you not give me, as it were, a parting message which may guide me in my work in the future?' 'Yes,' replied the professor after some thought. 'I think I can. Forget all that you have learned here, all that you have seen, for much of this has been academic and preparatory, a matter of training to equip you to draw and to think, and study the problems of your own country as they arise, view and attack them with an open mind, with firmness, directness and skill.'"

This collection of opinions is more than usually interesting not merely for its own sake, but also for the evidence it gives of the trend and development of the mind of the architect and his view of things in general. It marks a stage different and, perhaps, I may say higher if indeed not cleverer than any we yet remember to have seen. It shows a mellowed, humanized architect, more fully equipped and modernized, but true still to the exalted ideals of his art and it shows him no less true as an observer and recorder of life, it shows also the books he considers worth reading and the greater books within the domain of the literature of power.

It is among the signs of the times that the architect devotes an even larger share of his attention to matters that concern humanity than to exhausting his energies in the vexed academic questions of proportion, ratio, equation, or even the fascinating search after symbolism, rhythm, logic or the engrossing study of style as such, or the ever shifting adjustments of building material, labor demands and the laws of the Building Department. No. He is engaged with the bigger things of life. To him mankind is brother as well as client or craftsman, and he is more concerned with the satisfying of their daily needs than with the erection of a monument to himself.

With Joseph he can say, "let us build granaries instead of monuments."

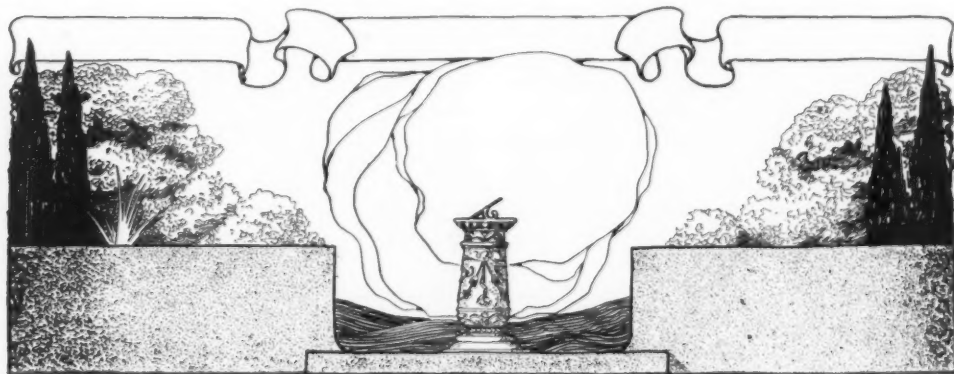
And it is to qualify him for this larger work that he is essentially and by preference a reader.

Ever alive to the latest industrial achievement, conscious of the dangers, that await those who sink into a rut, he welcomes the stimulating influence of new inventions and new materials so vividly pictured in the advertising pages.

And it is also among the signs of the time and recognizable even at a glance, that in this he is influenced by the old masters: to him the Orders are ever present, and the rich low perfume of the Orient. The old masters still live, still shape our sky-line, dominate our detail, inspire and ennoble our buildings, but so subtly, so insidiously is their presence felt that it is not always discernible to the lay mind.

For the theatre of the architect's realm there is no dress rehearsal or "curtain call," neither drums, nor trumpet flourish, but few pretty speeches and no grand parade. Naked his giant towers arise without a friendly "drop" granting a momentary shelter, hiding experience or alteration; no mystic light to give fantastic coloring; yet to the painter and sculptor does he often assign places of importance holding them in the limelight.

It is said that the lawyer settles disputes, that the surgeon repairs the body, that the church is deeply concerned with the hearts and the feelings of mankind, invoking a spiritual reverence for religion, that just now huge fortunes are made by the financier while the architect receives a mere pittance for his pains, while possibly he is the most satisfactory of the world's workers, furnishing daily employment to thousands and bearing more than his share of the great burdens of the world. Presiding at a court ever in session, enforcing laws which involve complicated questions wherein he renders important decisions without acclaim or fuss, a welcome visitor at the palace of kings and yet never very far from the workman, a custodian of the rich heritage of the past, yet ever conscious of the claims of the present, a steward of great promise, opportunity and privilege, a High Priest of form yet ministering to the spirit the mysticisms and ideals of the time, often modest of demeanor, shunning the lime-light, and the question is not—"Does he read?" but "What dare he avoid reading?" in order to qualify for so serious a stewardship."



THE ARCHITECT'S LIBRARY



It is the purpose of this department to keep the readers of the "Architectural Record" in touch with current publications dealing with architecture and the allied arts, describing not only literary, but practical values.

"Tapestries, Their Origin, History and Renaissance." By George Leland Hunter.

To hold his own today the architect finds a constantly increasing demand upon his activities in the direction of interior decoration. While there are in this country today a great many specialists in this branch of architecture, where there were none twenty years ago, the general practitioner, nevertheless, if he wishes to work in intelligent and effective unison with the decorator, will find that no study of "periods" or decorative accessories will be amiss on his part.

Perhaps it is safe to say that by far the greater part of the stupidity and banality of American architecture of the '80's can be traced directly to the fact that the architect was architect only, and did not extend his interest or activity beyond the actual building of the house. Hence the bitter variance of architecture and decorations, and of architecture and furniture which obtained in that dark age of esthetics in this country. "Architects" were little removed from "Builders," and "Decorators" possessed the taste and training only of the more mediocre of our "Paper-hangers" and "Up-holsterers" of today. The revolutionary and enlightening movement set afoot by

William Morris in England had not yet made itself felt, and interior decoration in its relation to architecture was (if it could be said to have existed at all) in a state so chaotic as not even to fall under the charitable designation of being "experimental."

We live in another age—an age so different that it is hard to realize the progress—or rather the genesis of that elusive blessing we call "taste" in three decades. And as a sign of the times comes Mr. Hunter's book on the origin, history and renaissance of tapestries, for tapestries have always been, and must, from their nature, continue to be, the logical and ultimate architectural decoration. Hung on a stone wall, tapestries soften it without losing any of their inherent qualities of texture, and on oak panelling they glow with a warmth and richness difficult to associate with a textile—on a wall of chill-looking sand-stone they warm it without losing a degree of their own peculiar temperature. A tapestry is at once an incident and a background—it has been said elsewhere: "It may be said of a tapestry, as distinct from any other decoration of its kind, that it will both strike and consistently maintain the most significant note in a given interior, being at once the center of interest and the foil of everything else in the room. Richly carved furniture or wood-work does not look so well in conjunction with any other back-ground, yet its enhancement is of a sort too subtle for definite analysis. . . . At once



HERCULES

PLATE no. 399. Hercules Killing the Dragon that guards the Hesperides, a Renaissance tapestry in the Imperial Austrian Collection. One of a set of 9 picturing the Story of Hercules. Three are signed with the Audenarde mark and all with what is probably the monogram of Michel Van Orley.

creating and filling its own atmosphere, the tapestry is eminently sufficient unto itself, yet diffusive of many extraneous qualities of beauty and propriety."

The unique value of tapestries in their relation to architecture is gradually coming to be recognized by architects, with recent instances in the new Schwab residence in New York City, and in the specially woven panels depicting the city's history, to be hung in the McAlpin Hotel. Like the hanging of the "Old Masters" or the selection of furniture, a knowledge of tapestries can result only from study, and where no authoritative hand-book on the subject has hitherto been obtainable, Mr. Hunter's "Tapes-

tries" should prove a welcome find, and a mine of information and inspiration.

Historical, critical, descriptive, analytical and instructive, it holds an amazing wealth and variety of contents. In sixteen chapters it presents the following topics, splendidly illustrated: "The Renaissance of Tapestries;" "Gothic Tapestries;" "Renaissance Tapestries;" "Flemish and Burgundian Looms, Arras, Brussels, Tournai, Bruges, Enghien, Audenarde, Middlebourg, Lille, Antwerp, Delft;" "English Looms—Mortlake, Merton, Barcheston, Windsor;" "The Gobelins, Beauvais and Aubusson;" "Other Looms, American, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Norwe-

gian;" "The Texture of Tapestries, Arras Tapestries, Greek and Roman Tapestries, High Warp and Low Warp. The Process of Weaving;" "Designs and Cartoons, Portraits in Tapestry, Counterfeit Arras, Animals in Tapestries, Verdures;" "Signatures and Makers, Tapestry Captions, Tapestry Borders, Shapes, Sizes and Measurements;" "The Bible in Tapestries;" "History and Romance in Tapestries;" "Tapestry Point of View and Perspective, Light and Shade;" "The Care of Tapestries, How to Hang, Clean, Repair and Store Them;" "Tapestry Museums. Collections, Expositions, Inventories, Sales and Books;" "Tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum."

Here, indeed, is tapestry lore of all kinds, by a writer who has made a life study of his subject, who writes from the accumulated knowledge of student, craftsman and critic and who speaks with all the weight of a well-known and long-accredited connoisseur.

The architect is now enabled to select the tapestries which are to be the finishing

touch of his building, and may do so with a new assurance that he is committing no anachronism of period. If he loves tapestries, he has at hand an instrument to convince his client that these woven panels are not an inferior and primitive substitute for paintings, but that they are, it may safely be said, the only type of decorative accessory which can never be out of place, or can never tire.

Mr. Hunter's book is splendidly illustrated, with four full page plates in color and nearly a hundred and fifty excellent and well-printed half-tones, while for those who are not only lovers of tapestries, but also of beautiful books, there has been prepared a limited edition on large paper, with wide margins and a soft-toned ink for the illustrations. It can not be doubted that "Tapestries, Their Origin, History and Renaissance," will find its place on the bookshelf of every architect who is even mildly interested in interior decoration, or who thinks of his building in terms other than lumber, stone and steel.





Interesting Building Figures.

Official statistics reveal that building operations in the Borough of Manhattan, N. Y., exceed those of the whole city of Chicago by about five per cent., that they are more than three times those of Philadelphia, and more than five times those of any other city. Added to this reason for its claim to general interest is the fact that the current annual report of the Manhattan Bureau of Buildings completes the first decade of the Bureau as an independent department, and that the reports of the year are supplemented by ten year comparisons. It appears, then, from the report that the building operations have been averaging about \$108,000,000 annually, the lowest figure being reached in 1904 when they were \$84,000,000, and the highest in 1909 when they were \$144,000,000. It appears that the proportion of fire-proof construction is gradually increasing, and that while previous to 1907 there were more new buildings under construction than old buildings being remodeled, the condition has been reversed since 1907. But if fewer new buildings have been lately constructed, their cost is greater, being now about double what it was at the beginning of the decade. It is interesting, further, to observe that while the number of places of amusement which were under construction in 1910 was about the same as the number of private dwellings—forty and forty-three respectively—there was an increase last year to seventy-two places of amusement, and a decrease to thirty-nine private dwellings. This undoubtedly reveals the moving picture craze. Interesting, also, is the revelation of the fact that in the last ten years the number of passenger elevators in the Borough has more than doubled. They now number about 10,000,

the report recommending an addition of twenty inspectors in order that they may be properly watched.

An Encouraging Sign.

Close to the Harvard stadium, the Boston Elevated has just opened a new terminal station for Cambridge subway cars, of which more good can be said than of most stations of the kind. It is very spacious and is carefully arranged for efficiency of service when besieged by crowds, and there has been such regard for appearance that the plans, though designed by Robert S. Peabody as consulting architect, were subsequently submitted for criticism to a committee nominated by the Boston Society of Architects. This was in recognition of the architectural importance of the site which yard and terminal occupy. The fence, really a wall of concrete and brick, which encloses the yard, has been described as not unworthy of comparison with that around the "Yard" of Harvard itself. This makes timely illustration of the truth in a hopeful editorial entitled "The Art of Our Time" in November "Art and Progress." "Compare," says the editor, "the conditions fifty years ago with those today. Where, then, were our palatial railroad stations, our State and City Art Commissions, our art schools?" Not far from the point, also, is this story, which is quoted from a recent paper by the art critic of the New York "Times." "Mr. Pennell, visiting the lock at Pedro Miguel, asked the engineer in astonishment how he had come to make the splendid springing lines of his arches and buttresses as fine as those of a cathedral, and the reply came that it was done to save concrete. These," continued the original raconteur, "are the engineering problems that inspire the artist of today, and our bridges and skyscrapers will have

for their future historian as close association with the beginnings of our new American art as the cathedrals have with the beginnings of Gothic art." When the fence around the storage yard of a street railroad is studied by architects, that it may be made really beautiful and fitting, the incident may not reveal entire spontaneity as to our national art, but it certainly gives ground for hope.

✓ **Director Lord
on the
Teaching of
Architecture.**

At a recent dinner at Columbia University, the new director of the Architectural School made the following interesting address:

"I suppose, after all, there are only two things to consider, viz., what to teach and how to teach it. You are aware of the fact that there has been a wide difference of opinion as to what to teach. We are all struggling to find out how to teach it. I look upon an architectural school as a place to teach architecture. In the term 'architecture' there is a double meaning—first, 'design'; second, 'construction.' In other words, a man to be an architect should have a trained sense of proportion which should enable him to combine beautifully materials to be used in construction.

"As to method, from time immemorial architecture has been produced, each nation or people producing it in its own way. How the majority of these nations have produced their architecture, what their ideals have been, how they arrived at their conclusions, how they actually made their designs, no one can tell. We only know that results were produced. Out of the wisdom of the ages and other conditions brought about by innumerable causes, undefinable, a system has gradually been evolved which has resulted in the formation of a school to teach the art of architecture. The French have developed this system and over-developed it. The Italian makes little progress in these days and is satisfied with his past glory. The German has loved his archaeology but today is wandering far afield and is pursuing new methods and developing a new style. The Briton is satisfied with his own architecture, and we, with our gods in Paris, are trying to compass the whole earth.

"Contrary to general opinion, the French do not teach Classic Architecture or Gothic Architecture, Romanesque, or any other kind of architecture. On the contrary, their whole method is based on a system of first finding out the conditions and then proceed-

ing in a logical way to develop structures and fit these conditions. If we are not following this method in America, the most of us think we should follow it and, in my opinion, we are fast approaching the time when we shall follow it unreservedly to the end. This, indeed, is the 'ideal' system which we are striving to follow in Columbia.

"I do not believe that the best results can be obtained where an architectural department is an adjunct to a university, for the simple reason that the methods which must necessarily be applied in the teaching of an art are so absolutely different from the methods employed in teaching any other subject. But we are only beginning in this country—we can not do everything in a hundred years. Time is the solution of the problem, and I believe we are on the right track. When our present schools are organized into one central school of art we shall then have an organization calculated to develop the student under the most favorable conditions. We are criticized for our method of teaching architecture through the medium of the elements of so-called Classic Architecture and the application of these elements. I think I am right in saying that this has come down to us as a tradition. It is simply a method of teaching 'Proportion' through the medium of certain forms. If any one will propose better, more logical, more interesting, more inspiring forms, there is no doubt of their adoption. One suggests that we teach Gothic, another that we teach Byzantine or Romanesque, and so on. In the absence of anything better in the way of form, we are proceeding on the basis as at present established after hundreds of years of experience.

"As to the method I am trying personally to follow, a few words will suffice. I believe that we should start with the Greek orders, as in them are exemplified the purest art we know and the simplest forms with which to deal. It is along the line of least resistance to take the student. Starting with the Greek orders, I do not mean that a man shall draw out the various orders as well as he may, using unlimited time in the operation. I believe the student should start with the building of which the order may form a part and that it should be made clear that there are other elements in the beginning of this operation that are vastly more important to teach him than the mere order. He should know the value of a wall, of the openings in that wall and the spaces between those openings, of the elements that go to enrich those

openings, to emphasize them, to give them character, to make that wall do its work artistically and constructionally—in other words to make it architectural; to learn that that building has a base, a certain height, a crowning member called the cornice, a roof, either flat or pitched; and by degrees he learns that it has a certain length in relation to its breadth and that these two proportions should have a certain relation to its height. In other words, we are teaching him 'form.'

"Now we might go on analyzing and philosophizing and we come back to the original proposition that it is all a matter of proportion. Once the student knows proportion he can apply it to any style, to any structure, to any object intended to be useful or beautiful in the world.

"As the student becomes possessed of a general knowledge of the elements, we take up with the plan and develop it along the same lines and in the same way. Accompanying this instruction he must study the value of color, the use of materials, and the application of modern scientific appliances in the development of his building. The men in my department are compelled to draw every day of their school course, great stress being laid upon free-hand drawing in the various mediums. Cultivating the bent of the student is the paramount idea. If the students wish to specialize in architectural engineering, they have that privilege in the engineering department; but, as my department is not an engineering school, only such teaching on constructional lines as will enable him to construct reasonably and well is attempted. Prescribed courses in history have been reduced to the minimum with a view to encouraging the student to work out his own salvation by reading and thinking and by observation.

"The architect's training should embrace instruction in all the arts and he should work in closer relation with other artists—the sculptor and the painter. He should work in much closer relation with the engineer, and we are all satisfied that the engineer should work more in harmony with the architect or at least be possessed of certain architectural knowledge which would aid him in designing the various structures that it is a part of his work to build.

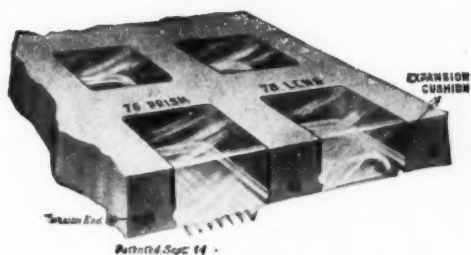
"We overdo in a measure the work of specializing in the various branches of our work. This specializing is of course brought about by the requirements of the times, but we should not forget the great periods of the Renaissance and how the artists of

those times—architects, painters, and sculptors—were in many cases masters of the three arts and were constructing engineers at the same time. We know that the fortifications of the old Italian cities were in most cases built by these artists and their varied qualifications led them to other fields of intellectual endeavor. The architect's training should embrace a knowledge of city planning and of the planning of landscape, and must necessarily cover all problems, both artistic and scientific, which affect in any way the existence of the people.

"This whole operation of teaching architecture is practically a business undertaking on an artistic basis. It is a bread and butter proposition. I should like to see every man on leaving Columbia able to earn his own bread and butter. If he can not earn it when he leaves Columbia, he will probably never be worth his salt."

The Latest Restoration.

Christ Church, the oldest church in Boston—better known there as "Old North," and best known to tourists as the church of the belfry where Paul Revere hung his lantern—is emerging from the danger-fraught ordeal of restoration. It is reported to have come out well. Its exterior has gained much from the sand-blasting which has rid it of the old drab paint and brought out again the warm red of the brick. With spire and window frames glowingly white, the church probably looks pretty much as it did when new, nearly two hundred years ago. The comparatively modern doors have been replaced with doors that at least look as if they might have belonged to the original structure, and that have above them a fanlight with leaded glass. Inside, the apse has been restored to its original semi-circular form, by the opening of a large window which a flat wall had closed for so long that no living person remembered it. Yet it is shown in old prints. The gallery stairs have been replaced, to their great improvement, and the pews rearranged in accordance with their first plan, which fortunately was extant. As far as possible, original paneling and pew doors have been retained. The pews are of the long, "slip" shape, generally uniform, except that set apart for the Governor and "the Pew for the Gentlemen of the Bay of Honduras," a group of merchants who, when the church was built, gave the money for the spire.



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